

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

August 1, 1950

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By Jim Coleman





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EDITORIALS

The UN Proves Its Worth With the Blue Chips Down

WHATEVER the final effects of the South Korea business it did prove one thing: The United Nations, with all its faults and failings, has been worth while.

We, among others, have paid enough pious lip service to UN in the past to rob that statement of some of its force. It has been fashionable, in public, to take it for granted that UN is worth while. It's been even more fashionable, in private, to sneer at UN as an empty futile debating society.

Against those sneers, even before last month, UN could put a fairly strong case. It could point to Palestine, to Indonesia, to Kashmir as examples of intervention, not perhaps fully successful but by no means ineffectual. But those examples involved disputes among nations of good will, nations whose honor was pledged to respect due process of law and who had some regard for their honor. They did not, in other words, involve Soviet Russia.

Korea was different. In Korea the real issue was joined.

It's true, of course, that the Security Council couldn't have acted so quickly and decisively if the Russians hadn't been sulking about Red China's failure to get into the UN. They could have vetoed the call for aid, if they'd

been there. Luckily they weren't there.

Not that it would have made much difference in actual practice. The United States was committed to act anyway; the rest of the free world would probably have gone along in some fashion. But the fact that an international agency did exist to make this intervention real collective action in the cause of peace made the course of the West immeasurably easier.

Walter Lippmann put the case admirably before the Korean war had broken out. The United States couldn't form direct military alliances all over Asia, he pointed out—that would be “a preposterous diplomatic inflation.” The only alternative, the only machinery through which a threatened or invaded country could properly appeal for help and properly get it, was the United Nations.

“The Kremlin knows that no nation can afford to be held responsible for the break-up of UN,” Lippmann said. “But the Kremlin doesn't need a UN which works. It needs only a UN which exists. We, on the other hand, need a UN which works well enough to enable us to collaborate with the great masses of peoples and their governments who are outside our alliances.”

Events have proved him right.

Spank Them for Their Own Good

IT HAS scarcely been noticed in the Press, but little by little one of our most down-trodden minorities is regaining a few of the privileges it once enjoyed. We refer, of course, to parents.

The latest proclamation against infantile tyranny came not long ago in Montreal. Said three prominent children's doctors (probably parents themselves—if the truth were known): Under certain circumstances it's all right to spank.

What circumstances? To prevent accidents. Sparing the rod and spoiling the child is prob-

ably the greatest cause of children's accidents, according to the three doctors of the Children's Memorial Hospital. And if parents' scolding and spanking don't stop children from doing dangerous things they'd call in a cop to scare the daylight out of the kids.

Not long ago this would have been antisocial heresy. The doctors themselves admit that today's generation of dispirited parents will probably disregard their advice. But it's a straw in the wind. We venture to predict that in another 10 years the kids will have been forced to concede their elders equal rights.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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HE doesn't want that lovely girl he meets at the Beach Club to turn him down on a date.

He doesn't want that charming couple at the hotel to put a black mark on him when they are looking for a fourth for bridge.

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

When a Big Majority Means Defeat

By **BLAIR FRASER**

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



leaving out the illegal RCAF votes, which defeated Nowlan at the time but which later caused the election to be upset, Elderkin came within a hair's breadth of

AN OFFICIAL at the U. S. Embassy got a phone call the other day from an alarmed Canadian who said, "The Russians are sending secret radio waves to this continent."

How did he know?

"Because these secret waves are interfering with my hearing aid."

What did he want done about it?

"I want you to warn the Voice of America people, so they can jam these waves and keep them from reaching here."

The embassy man said he'd do the best he could.

* * *

LIBERALS are girding themselves somewhat ruefully for the by-election in Joliette where G. E. Lapalme is resigning to take over the provincial leadership of Quebec Liberals. True, Lapalme won in 1949 by a smashing majority. But Joliette is also the home seat, provincially, of Premier Duplessis' Labor Minister, Antonio Barrette, a powerful and popular man. Progressive Conservatives will not lack for organization and support there. And the electoral climate has changed markedly since June, 1949, as the Liberals have twice discovered within the past two months.

In Annapolis they had a good candidate in Angus Elderkin—good enough to give the popular George Nowlan, now PC national president, a very close race last year. Even

indisputable victory in the general election.

A year later Nowlan was able to trounce him by 1,200 votes. Partly, no doubt, it was because so many people felt Nowlan had had a raw deal the year before. But partly it was the big Liberal majority, the feeling that the Grits have more men now than they know what to do with and that the other parties ought to have more chance.

"We found ourselves in a very awkward position," said one bruised Grit campaigner. Awkward indeed—for they haven't any answer to the "big majority" argument. There isn't any answer; it's just a fact. It doesn't affect Liberal fortunes in the really safe seats, like Halifax, and luckily it was no help to the Communists in Cartier. But in a close race it seems to be decisive.

Whether Joliette will prove to be as close as all that remains to be seen. In Quebec as nowhere else the St. Laurent name is magic. Liberals certainly hope and expect to hold the seat, but they are not regarding victory as a foregone conclusion.

* * *

SOMETIMES even a small Opposition can be a help to the Government.

A while ago Stanley Knowles, of the CCF, asked a set of questions about repair jobs in an Ontario naval district. Was it true that these jobs had been let *Continued on page 45*



An American was willing to try to save a Canadian's ears.



Hammerstein and Rodgers stage an invasion with "Oklahoma," "Carousel."

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

A Bit of London That Is Broadway

IT HAS been said that poetry is emotion remembered in tranquillity and, to some extent, that applies to all forms of writing. One should have quiet and solitude so that arguments may be well balanced and words woven into a tapestry of clear design.

Therefore let me admit at once that London in June is no place for a hermit of the pen. The world and his wife are converging on London and the telephone is seldom silent for more than a few moments. All that our kinsmen and kinswomen from overseas want is to hear Winston Churchill speak in the House of Commons—at least that is all they want from me.

I wish the House of Commons had expanding walls. I wish I knew when Churchill was going to speak. I wish I could pack the public galleries with these charming people but unfortunately this Mad Parliament is playing to capacity and the patient queues extend to the Embankment.

But since my life is mixed up with the theatre as well as politics, I must report also that we have the annual pilgrimage of Broadway personalities who constitute an excellent excuse for their London theatre counterparts to throw a party.

Oscar Hammerstein is here with his pal Dick Rodgers rehearsing "Carousel" for Drury Lane, while their "Oklahoma," after three and a half years at the Lane, moves over to the Stoll. That in itself is a story which few people know.

Long, long ago, before the 1914 war, Oscar Hammerstein's grandfather (who bore the same name) came to the unwise conclusion that Covent Garden Opera House was not enough for the mighty metropolis; so he built a great new London Opera House in Kingsway just off the Strand.

The adventure failed; in fact it never had a chance. For some reason London has never been able to main-

tain an all-the-year-round opera company, but must eke out the intervals with ballet. So Hammerstein's palace became a cinema, and then was made the home of pantomime and ice carnivals. Now the grandson moves in with "Oklahoma."

This big soft-spoken American carries his honors with a modesty that one can admire but hardly hope to emulate. In the realm of lyrics and libretto he is as significant a figure in America as Sir William Gilbert was in Britain.

The show-with-music had gone from the tunefulness of "Floradora" and the pleasant humors of "The Gaiety Girl" to the musicianly Mittel-europa "Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier" and finally to lavish spectacle in which the comic and the female contrived to make the businessman tired. Then Hammerstein appeared with "Rose Marie," a story with the background of the Mounties in Canada. It was sincere, virile and romantic. It captured London but without teaching the British that anything new had arrived. Later in "Showboat" Hammerstein caught the imagination of the world with "Old Man River."

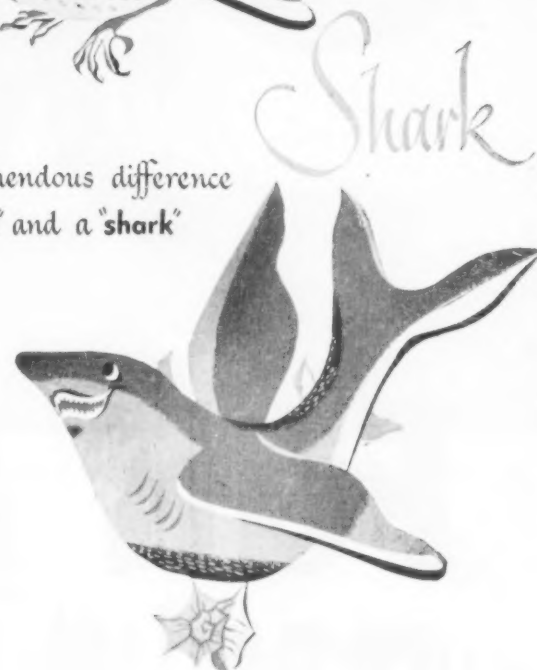
He was not content with choruses of young men in top hats dancing opposite young women with parasols. Everyone on the stage counted to him; there must be meaning and significance to everything and everybody. Therefore, in the course of time, he and Richard Rodgers went into travail and produced "Oklahoma" for the high-brow New York Theatre Guild. So little did the guild think of the piece when it was tried out on tour that it sold a large proportion of its interest for a small sum.

Then after a long New York run a company arrived from Broadway in 1947 to open with "Oklahoma" at the great old Drury Lane Theatre. "I will never forgive myself for not coming

Continued on page 38



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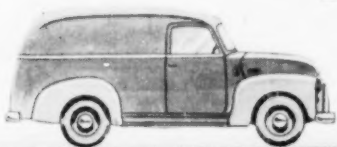
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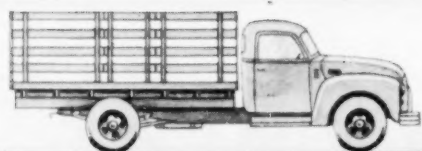
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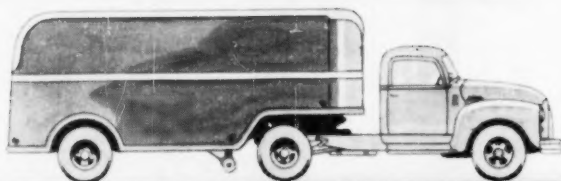
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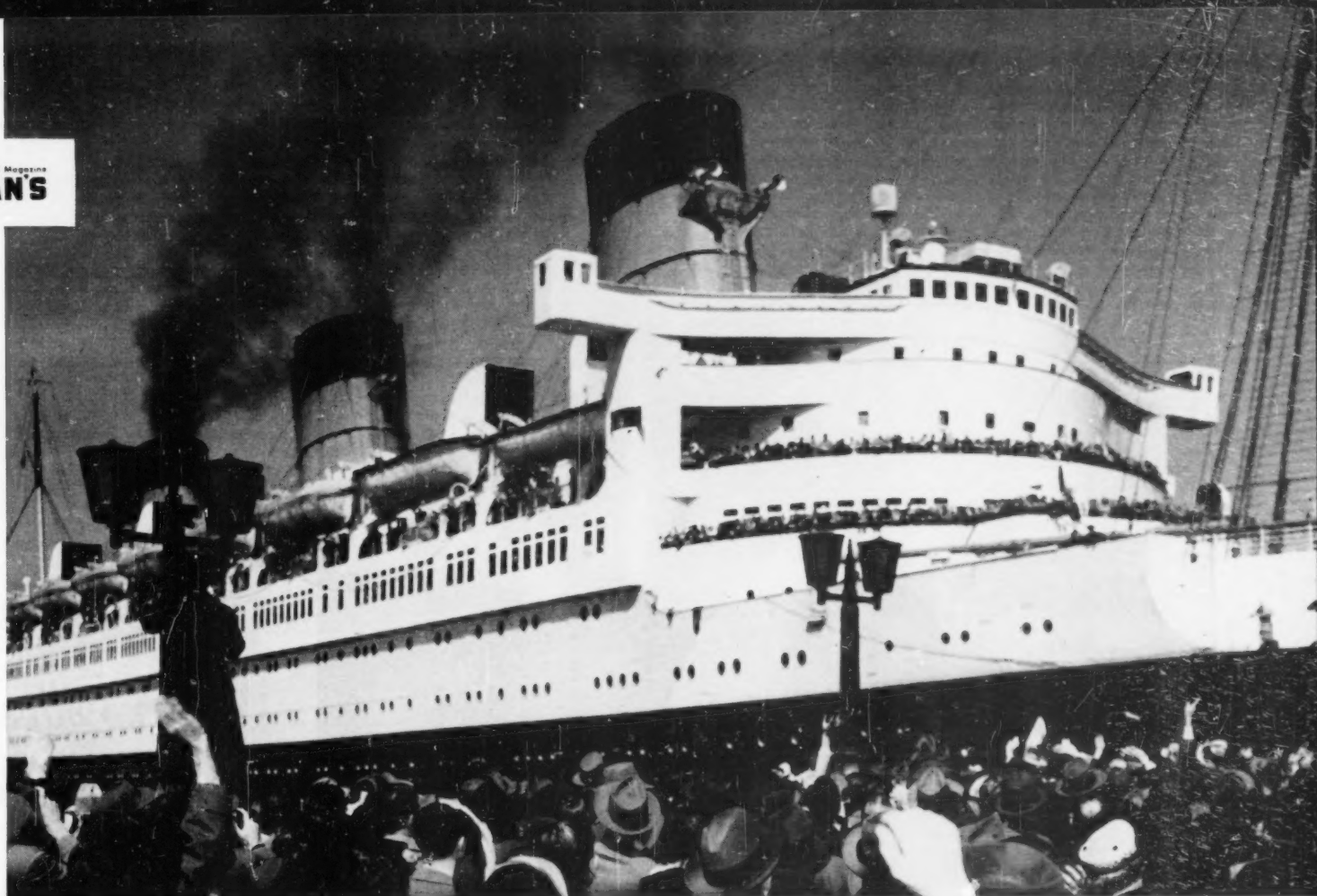
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PART I

The Royal Family of the Seas

The mighty Queenships shuttle across the Atlantic with 200,000 travelers each year, bringing a rich reality to Canadian Sam Cunard's dream of an ocean railway running on schedule

By JAMES DUGAN

THE Cunard Steam-Ship Company, the largest ocean line in the world, has dominated the Atlantic for 110 years, ever since Samuel Cunard, a packet-ship man from Halifax, N.S., went to England and founded the line in an outburst of super-salesmanship.

The famous red-funneled line is the second oldest in the world (oldest is the P and O); with its several subsidiaries serving the Mediterranean, India and Australia it is entirely British owned; it has both the fastest and biggest liners in the world (the Queens).

The irresistible grip Cunard has on the public imagination is typified by its legendary capital ships, Royal Mail Steamer Queen Mary (33 knots), fastest liner in the world, and R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth (83,673 tons), the world's biggest passenger ship. The Queens, after over a decade of weekly service between New York and Europe, are still front-page news when they arrive in New York.

Recently I went to meet the Elizabeth in Lower New York Bay in the U. S. Coast Guard cutter Tuckahoe to see the customary excitement that greets Queenships and makes them the travel choice of many celebrities.

Tuckahoe, loaded with customs and immigration inspectors and a large party of reporters, left her moorings in the East River at 10 a.m. At that moment, 25 miles out in the entrance to the harbor, the quartermaster of Queen Elizabeth was calling Pilot 2 on the radiotelephone. Pilot 2 is the floating ready-room of the Sandy Hook Pilots' Association. The pilot next on the rotation got up from his rummy game, took a last look at "Your Television Shopper" on the TV set and went to the Queen in the launch Gedney.

All over Greater New York other wheels were moving into the reception. People entrained from the suburbs to meet passengers. The tug dispatcher of the Moran Towing Co., high in a building in the Battery, penciled in four tugs to be available at 12.30. The Tuckahoe ran through the chop in the Lower Bay and idled and circled. At *Continued on page 39*



CORINNE CALVET supplies usual cheesecake on a rail of the "Liz."



WHY

By FRED BODSWORTH

THE high schools are in the midst of a cold war that has suddenly flared into open flame. With the revelation that more than half the students who start high school in Canada never finish their studies—that more than 100,000 quit every year—the controversy has come sharply into focus.

The issue: Will secondary education continue its swing toward a more "practical" form of schooling, or will it shift back toward the old-style classics, abstract mathematics and ancient languages—the brain-teaser type of education which aimed at the development of mental discipline and hard thinking and left the student to pick up his everyday knowledge on his own hook?

The controversy gets down to the bedrock of education. What is public education's main purpose—to hand out neat little packages of facts that students can use when they get out in the world, or to develop the mental curiosity and acumen that will enable them to pick up those facts—and act on them intelligently—without formal guidance? Is the job of mass education to produce breadwinners or thinkers?

Say the modernists: high-school education must be made more practical, it must deal with the problems students see in the world around them; otherwise many quit school and get little or no secondary education. It isn't a case of which system is better, the modernists add, it's a case of which is possible.

They Just Don't Stick It Out

SAY the traditionalists: high-school education is too practical now. It has sold its birthright for a mess of contemporary courses dealing with trivial things. Too much of it teaches students how to work with their hands, too little teaches how to work with their heads.

For 20 years the opposing camps have been sniping sporadically at each other from lecture platforms, in educational journals and prospectuses, and at conventions and round tables.

The modernists had won some earlier victories—commercial, home economics and trade courses in many city schools; the removal of Latin as a compulsory subject from some courses. Then this spring they suddenly tossed some statistical dynamite into the fray—data from a nation-wide survey

HALF OUR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS QUIT

which show that close to 60% of students are quitting high schools without graduating because they find no meaning in their educational diet.

Alarmed over the high rate of school quitting, practically every educationist in the land is now saying his bit on what we ought to do about it. In the past couple of months there have been more authoritative pronouncements on the blessings and sins of practical education than there were in the previous five years.

The survey was conducted by the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education, a body sponsored by the Canadian Education Association and established in 1948 to study practical education in Canada. More than anything else the educationists wanted frank advice from business and industry which absorb the high-school graduates, so representatives of commerce, industry, agriculture and labor, as well as education, were included on the committee. Most of the committee's funds come from business firms and associations.

Last winter the committee brought together the results of the most detailed and comprehensive educational survey of its kind ever performed. Data had been collected from 27,000 students who either graduated from or dropped out of high schools in 1948, a 20% cross-section of graduates and drop-outs in every province except Newfoundland. The surveyors concentrated on those who dropped out before graduation; they wanted to know why.

In a smoke-stained building on Toronto's College Street a few months ago committee members studied the statistics and wondered if they could be true. For the survey reveals that something like 100,000 students are dropping out of schools every year. Fifty-nine per cent of boys and 51% of girls who start junior high school (grade seven) never stick it out long enough to graduate with a junior matriculation (grade 12 in Ontario and British Columbia, grade 11 in other provinces).

But it wasn't these figures in themselves which started the cold war sizzling. It was the reasons

the drop-outs gave for quitting school. Educationists have always believed students dropped out either because economic factors in the home forced them to go to work or because they didn't have grey matter enough to master the studies. Now it develops that this isn't true. The majority of students quit high school because the schools are boring them stiff. They feel that traditional studies fill them with a hodgepodge of knowledge they'll never use, prepare them for white-collar jobs which many of them don't want and will never get. The modernists insist that the results of the survey give them a conclusive victory.

Says A. G. McColl, research director of the committee and chief engineer behind the study: "These findings are alarming. Our high schools are bungling their most important duty—that of keeping students in school long enough to give them a worth-while well-rounded education. Canada's boast of secondary education for all is, in actual practice, a hollow myth. The education is there, all right, but in its present form the pupils don't want it."

It seems that our high schools, costing somewhere close to \$100 millions a year to operate, are giving us 50% value. Half the work they start is never finished.

Dr. Charles E. Phillips, professor of education, Ontario College of Education, a member of the let's-be-practical camp, adds this: "A generation ago high-school education was the privilege of the few, today it is the right of practically every Canadian teen-ager. We boast of our growing high-school enrollments, of our fine school buildings, but we get the kids in school and then fail to keep them there."

Does it really matter if 100,000 students a year quit before their secondary education has been completed?

F. K. Stewart, secretary of the Canadian Education Association, says: "High-school courses are designed to form three- or four-year units. A student doesn't obtain a very thorough insight into subjects covered unless he completes the full

course. The student who attends one or two years and drops out has wasted hundreds of hours getting an introduction to subjects which will never be worth much to him unless he goes deeper so that he can apply it. He's not only wasting his own time; the drop-out is also wasting hundreds of thousands of dollars of public money."

"High-school graduation is increasingly essential for citizens in a modern democratic nation," Stewart adds. "Democracy demands thinking and understanding citizens. A progressive nation like Canada needs a well-educated public to keep its democratic society functioning smoothly and to maintain proper levels of production."

Yet, out of every 100 who start primary school only 22 finish high school. Most drop out after they reach high school. Interviewers for the surveying committee asked more than 14,000 drop-outs why they were quitting school. For the first time in the history of Canadian education there are precise data on this vital problem.

Potential Doctors Are Lost

REASONS relating to the school and its courses (lack of interest, unsuitability of curriculum) were three times as numerous among boys and twice as numerous among girls as other reasons such as economic pressure within the home. For example, 14% of the boys quit school because the family income required them to go to work, but 58% quit simply because they couldn't get interested in the schooling they were getting.

When the committee delved into the economic status of drop-outs' families it was found again that school and not family factors are to blame for the largest share of student drop-out. Students from families in the above-average economic bracket do not have to go to work, can easily afford all school expenses, yet three out of 10 of these quit before graduation just the same.

Do they drop out, then, because their learning capacity is low? The drop-outs' learning capacity was investigated and it was found that 25% of students with above-

Continued on page 31

Higher learning or practical subjects? While educationists argue hotly it looks as though the \$100 millions we spend each year is half wasted



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The Clumsy One

What could he do? There must be something to make things right again. In quick anger he had struck at the brother he loved. How was this hurt to be healed?

By ERNEST BUCKLER

DID YOU ever strike your brother? I don't mean with a blow. Sometimes when we were children and a flash of child's anger would make a sudden blindness in my brain, I'd strike David any place my blind hands came to. I don't care about those times. He'd never strike me back; but afterward I would ask to borrow his jackknife or something. He'd know I didn't really want it to use. He'd know that when I said "thanks, Dave," the words were really for my contrition. I didn't do it with a blow that day.

I was standing right where I'm standing now, the day I struck David. I still stand, with my hoe idle, and remember it, whenever I come to this spot in the row. It was just such a summer's day as this, with the bowing heat of the sun turning the petals of the daisies inward and wilting the leaves of the apple trees in immobile patience for the night dew. Little watermarks of heat rose from the asphalt road where the cars passed back and forth beyond the sidehill.

If David had been alongside me, it might not have happened. But they got out of the car and came across the field quietly, to surprise me. I didn't know they were there until their voices made me start. David was at the bottom of another row, and before he came opposite us again I had time to plan it.

That was my first summer home from college. David didn't go to college, though he was the older. There was only money enough to send one of us, and there had never been any question which of us it would be. Because even as children it was I who was clumsy with anything outside the shadow world of books, and it was David who had the magic sleight for anything that could be manoeuvred with his hands. I don't know why the quick, nervous way of my mind seemed to make me the special one of the family. I could see instantly the whole route of thought that led to the proof of a geometry theorem, without having to feel it out step by step. But surely that was a poorer talent than to have the sure touch of David's fingers on the plow handles, that could turn the long shaving of greensward from one end of the field to the other without a single break.

I remember the first day I tried to plow. The sod would ribbon back cleanly for a bit; and then just when it seemed easy, I'd move the handles too much one way or the other, because I was thinking about it, and suddenly the whole strip of sod would flop back into the row in one long undulation. As it happened again and again, a hairspring of anger kept tightening inside me. I stopped once and tried to catch the sod with my hands; but the earth split where my hands were trying to hold it and the tail of the sod went slipping back behind me.

"You're trying to plow too deep, Dan," David said.

Continued on page 28



ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BUCHAM



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The Clumsy One

What could he do? There must be something to make things right again. In quick anger he had struck at the brother he loved. How was this hurt to be healed?

By ERNEST BUCKLER

DID YOU ever strike your brother? I don't mean with a blow. Sometimes when we were children and a flash of child's anger would make a sudden blindness in my brain, I'd strike David any place my blind hands came to. I don't care about those times. He'd never strike me back; but afterward I would ask to borrow his jackknife or something. He'd know I didn't really want it to use. He'd know that when I said "thanks, Dave," the words were really for my contrition. I didn't do it with a blow that day.

I was standing right where I'm standing now, the day I struck David. I still stand, with my hoe idle, and remember it, whenever I come to this spot in the row. It was just such a summer's day as this, with the bowing heat of the sun turning the petals of the daisies inward and wilting the leaves of the apple trees in immobile patience for the night dew. Little watermarks of heat rose from the asphalt road where the cars passed back and forth beyond the sidehill.

If David had been alongside me, it might not have happened. But they got out of the car and came across the field quietly, to surprise me. I didn't know they were there until their voices made me start. David was at the bottom of another row, and before he came opposite us again I had time to plan it.

That was my first summer home from college. David didn't go to college, though he was the older. There was only money enough to send one of us, and there had never been any question which of us it would be. Because even as children it was I who was clumsy with anything outside the shadow world of books, and it was David who had the magic sleight for anything that could be manoeuvred with his hands. I don't know why the quick, nervous way of my mind seemed to make me the special one of the family. I could see instantly the whole route of thought that led to the proof of a geometry theorem, without having to feel it out step by step. But surely that was a poorer talent than to have the sure touch of David's fingers on the plow handles, that could turn the long shaving of greensward from one end of the field to the other without a single break.

I remember the first day I tried to plow. The sod would ribbon back cleanly for a bit; and then just when it seemed easy, I'd move the handles too much one way or the other, because I was thinking about it, and suddenly the whole strip of sod would flop back into the row in one long undulation. As it happened again and again, a hairspring of anger kept tightening inside me. I stopped once and tried to catch the sod with my hands; but the earth split where my hands were trying to hold it and the tail of the sod went slipping back behind me.

"You're trying to plow too deep, Dan," David said.

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ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BUCHAM



JUNE AND TRENT turn their backs on the Falls (some honeymooners only hear them) and stroll across Niagara's trim public parks. They are convinced that their masquerade fooled the local experts, except when Dad showed his baby photos.



AROUND THE SIGHTS by surrey is as traditional as a trip in one of the Maids of the Mist. Though many grooms insist grandly on the best of everything, the average honeymoon bill at the Falls is \$50.

WE PARKED THE KIDS WITH GRANDMA AND TOOK

By JUNE CALLWOOD and TRENT FRAYNE

WHEN Maclean's asked us to go to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon we said we would be delighted. Our only concern was finding a sitter for our two children, Jill (5) and Barney (2), a problem most honeymoon couples don't have to consider. We had been through this honeymoon business before, six years ago, but the editors wanted to know how honeymoon couples were treated at the Falls, and we appeared sufficiently looney to masquerade effectively.

We went to Niagara Falls on our first honeymoon, but our impressions of the event are blurred, partly because our room gave us an unparalleled view of a razor company and partly because we had to be back to work in Toronto the next day.

This honeymoon we had a room overlooking the Falls and three days to ride in horse-drawn surreys, have our breakfast in bed, stroll down the Honeymoon Trail, get spray-soaked on the Maid of the Mist and reflect on the goodness of grandparents who made the honeymoon possible by minding our children.

We talked with hotel managers, bellboys, cab drivers, waitresses, souvenir stand operators, captains of the Maids of the Mist, a hotel housekeeper and doctor, tourist home and cabin operators, the mayor of Niagara Falls, two policemen and a man from the Chamber of Commerce. Between times we spoke to one another, civilly, in the manner of newlyweds.

We watched honeymoon couples inspecting the Falls, watched them making the long self-conscious walk from the reservation desk to the elevator, watched them go through the motions of eating. We ourselves ate enormous meals, stared a good



JUNE AND TRENT found that hand-holding gave away their "secret" as surely as confetti on the rug. But they say, "We are the kind of jerks who hold hands in public anyway." New shoes, haircuts are spotted by locals.



IN AWE AT THE FALLS. Ontario's Niagara gets most of its honeymoon trade from the U. S. where smoky factories and hotdog stands have ruined the shoreline. The huge General Brock Hotel has 200 rooms facing The View.

A HONEYMOON AT THE FALLS

long time at the Falls, for we'd missed looking at them at all on our first honeymoon, and, except for some pangs at first, accepted best wishes for the success of our marriage with aplomb.

We had disguised ourselves as honeymooners, Mamma with new shoes and gardenia, Father with a fresh haircut and a clean white shirt slightly smudged with lipstick. These devices, we had been assured, would stamp us as unalterably newlywed. We want to report that we felt as silly as if we had come disguised as Swiss yodelers.

Six years of comfortable well-wearing marriage didn't help our poise as we stood in the lobby of the General Brock Hotel waiting for the room clerk to look up the reservation. But we are convinced that we fooled them. Except for the odd lapse, like when Father was admiring a snap of a bellboy's infant and couldn't refrain from matching it with pictures of his own progeny, we were as newlywed as we had been six years ago. Too much credit cannot be given the new shoes but, for the sake of truth, it must be admitted that normally we are the kind of jerks who hold hands in public anyway.

None of the newlyweds we saw radiated the happiness and delight supposedly associated with their state. The overpowering emotion appeared to be nervousness. We saw no newlyweds nuzzling one another tenderly, but we saw a dozen couples in a state of nerves—the girl artificially animated to show how at ease she is and the boy trying so hard for dignity that his face is a frozen mask.

How do honeymooners differ from people? We discovered that every adult in Niagara Falls is infallible at spotting newlyweds, with or without accessories. Most

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PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



HOW RED DUTTON MADE HIS FIRST MILLION



DUTTON THE BIG CONTRACTOR has a profitable hand in construction, manufacturing, movies and oil. One of Alberta's new crop of rich, he still prefers to be known as Dutton, the old hockey player.

By JIM COLEMAN

IF RED DUTTON ever has taken a backward step you can be sure he was motivated by the gallant impulse to retrieve a lady's handkerchief or a \$500 banknote. In the first instance, his behavior can be explained by the fact that he is one of nature's gentlemen. In the second instance, his countless admirers will be glad to know that since he quit the presidency of the National Hockey League four years ago he has made a hobby of collecting currency in large denominations. When his roll of negotiable bills last was measured by Dun and Bradstreet it was large enough to choke a hungry Hereford.

Dutton has become a millionaire and, in the opinion of his fellow Albertans, it couldn't have happened to a nicer fellow. In a country where millionaires or near-millionaires are beginning to flourish like ragweed beneath every oil derrick, Dutton isn't notable for his affluence but rather for his legion of friends. Bankers, ranchers, dowagers, policemen and bellhops call him by his first name. When strangers point to Dutton and ask his identity, the average Calgarian won't say, "That's

Red Dutton, the big contractor." The reply is more likely to be, "That's Red Dutton, the old hockey player."

Red is flattered that Calgarians still regard him as "the old hockey player." He is fond of saying, with more warmth than accuracy, "Everything I have, I owe to hockey." He is Canada's most spectacularly successful graduate of professional sport.

Dutton suffers from none of the occupational ailments frequently associated with the acquisition of considerable wealth. At 52, although the reddish hue has disappeared from his hair, he could pass for a man 10 years younger. He isn't troubled by stomach ulcers; he is eminently sound of wind and limb and he sleeps well, albeit noisily. He considers skiing down the steep slopes of the Rocky Mountains as a suitable exercise for a man of his age. He faces each morning with the zest of a schoolboy who is just starting a holiday.

The truth is that he has approached everything in life with vast enthusiasm. One incident in his professional hockey career is a key to his character.

Dutton and little Roy Worters the goalkeeper, who were teammates with the New York Americans, tumbled into their beds one

The NHL's one-time bad man, now a rich contractor, piles up the bucks with the same high spirits he formerly collected penalties.

The money comes in even faster but not much easier, the way Red does it

night on a road trip to Chicago. Worters could hear Dutton chuckling in his bed after they had switched off the lights.

"You know," said Dutton, "these club owners are fools to be paying us thousands of dollars a year to play hockey."

"What d'you mean," yelled Worters, fearing for the sanity of his roommate.

"Well, you know damn well that we'd play for nothing," laughed Dutton.

And, while Worters lay there, staring through the darkness at the ceiling, Dutton chuckled himself to sleep.

Twelve Years, No Quarrels

THAT, of course, was the same Dutton who learned to walk and skate again and played 16 seasons of professional hockey in the toughest leagues after one leg had been shattered "hopelessly" in France in 1917. Unwittingly he was summing up the story of his own success in life recently when he mused: "I wasn't a good hockey player but I was a good competitor."

Today, with his shrewd, diffident business partner, Reg Jennings ("we've been together for 12 years and we've never had a quarrel"), Dutton heads the sprawling Standard Gravel and Surfacing Company, with 400 employees and 500 pieces of road-building equipment. He also heads Burns and Dutton, a contracting company which last year did \$2,000,000 worth of business and which is expanding so rapidly that Dutton has been crowded out of his own office and uses a borrowed chair in a cubicle with Jennings. With two other Calgary partners—Ross Henderson and Harold Millican—they own four huge drive-in theatres and they operate a precision tool manufacturing plant. Scarcely a week goes by that they don't make plans to add to their extensive holdings. Recent new oil discoveries have caused an unprecedented business boom in Alberta but Dutton and his associates usually are one detonation ahead of the boom.

A reporter-visitor to Calgary who attempted to keep up with Dutton on a normal tour of his business activities for a week last spring nearly bowed his Achilles tendons.

A Dead Stop For Kids

DUTTON had him out of bed soon after dawn, the first morning, and drove him to Calgary Airport where pilot Jimmy McQueen was warming up the private Bellanca cabin plane. Fifteen minutes later they were climbing over the foothills, then the Rockies and, within an hour, they were bumping to a stop on the rough landing strip at Invermere, B.C. Red fretted and fumed for 10 minutes before one of his engineers arrived at the field in an automobile. The car raced back over the highway to Radium Springs where Burns and Dutton is erecting a vast government-owned tourist resort in a mountain canyon.

Red stormed through the building at top speed, hailing individual workmen by name and arguing heatedly with the superintendent over the government's accounting system. He herded a couple of his top-ranking trouble shooters into the car and banged his way through 20 miles of melting snow to a camp on the Banff-Windermere Highway, one of Dutton's road camps which the government had ordered closed during the spring thaw. While his aides looked on, grinning good-humoredly, Red wheedled the government engineer into keeping the camp open for a skeleton gang; led all hands into the cookshack for a hurried lunch; called the cook by name; complimented the cook on his apple pie; asked the cook about his fishing prowess and,

wiping the crumbs of the second slice of pie from his mouth, threatened to raise the cook's salary.

Back into the car they went; bumped over the highway recklessly; stopped at Radium for another conference; raced to Invermere; awakened McQueen, who was taking a nap on the plane's wing, and, with the aid of a tail wind, took only 50 minutes for the return flight to Calgary.

Red sat in the back seat of the car impatiently while an aide drove to the Standard Gravel Office. On the way he noticed some small children playing on a curb.

"Look at those kids," he moaned. Then, addressing the aide, he said seriously, "From now on, every one of our trucks comes to a full stop whenever the drivers see kids playing on the curb."

"Migawd, Red," said the aide, "they'd be at a full stop all day."

"Well," conceded Dutton grudgingly, "make sure that they slow down to five miles an hour."

He slammed into the office he shares with Jennings, settled half a dozen minor business details, jumped back in the car to visit the new machinery-repair shop in the huge yards occupied by Standard Gravel and Burns and Dutton and then, because there was still plenty of sunlight, wheeled over to his drive-in theatre to see if the melting snow was draining properly from the parking lots. The snow wasn't melting properly. Dutton ordered out a portable steam blower to accelerate the rate of melting. Home to dinner,

then, and off to see a hockey play-off game between Calgary and Kamloops. After the game, a do-you-remember-when session with Paul Thompson, an old friend who was coaching the Kamloops team.

Later, the reporter tumbled into bed, exhausted. It seemed that only minutes had elapsed when the phone in the reporter's hotel room tinkled. Actually, it was daylight—but only just.

Dutton was on the phone. Dutton, cheery and full of enthusiasm. "Get up," he commanded, "we're going to take the plane and fly over to Lethbridge to see another drive-in theatre. I think that we'll have time to go down to Helena, Montana, and then back up to Edmonton."

There is a popular misconception that even in his hockey-playing days Dutton was a wealthy man in his own right. The only money he received from his father—also a wealthy contractor—was \$100 when he skipped out in Winnipeg one day and joined the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry at 16. When his father died in 1934, Red received, as his share of the considerable estate, a house in Santa Monica and \$20,000 in cash. He used the \$20,000 to buy construction equipment.

Red was born at Russell, Man., in July, 1898, the sixth of eight children, all of whom are living. Even many of his close friends don't know that he was christened Norman Alexander Dutton. A friend of his mother suggested that he should be called Mervyn and he has carried that rather dandified tag through life. He

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PHOTOS BY LORNE BURKELL, ACME, WIDE WORLD



DUTTON, THE MANAGER of the orphaned N. Y. Americans (left), tangles with Conn Smythe during a play-off. Red might still be in hockey if the NHL hadn't crossed up his hopes of a Brooklyn franchise.



THE FAIRCLOUGHS under the Peace Tower. Son Howard is a music scholarship winner; husband Gordon owns a printery. Ellen will see them week ends.

ELLEN GOES TO OTTAWA

Canada needs a woman's voice — this slogan made Ellen Fairclough our only woman M.P. Eva-Lis went along to watch her take her new broom to the House of Commons

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

ONE DAY in June I went to Montreal to meet Ellen Fairclough, of Hamilton, Ont., a successful public accountant, mother of an 18-year-old son, and wife of Gordon Fairclough, who owns a printing firm. She was in Montreal as a senior member attending an IODE conference, but there was a new road opening before her and I wanted to see her take her first steps along it.

In another day she would take her seat in the House of Commons as the only woman member of parliament. She would be the sixth Canadian

woman to put M.P. after her name. I wondered how a new member—especially a woman—goes about preparing for the position.

What really happens to people when they represent people? Does it make a person feel differently. About her home? Or her family? How, most particularly, does a busy woman pick up a new way of life, an important one at that, of representing all of us.

I met Ellen Fairclough one night in a long bright room in Montreal's Ritz-Carlton Hotel. I knew she'd held down well four jobs: a public accountant with her own firm; a member of the Hamilton Board of Control and deputy mayor; a housewife;

a mother to her pianist-son Howard. Besides these pursuits she'd found time to be active as a vice-president of the Ontario chapter of the IODE; the immediate past chairman of No. 4 district of the Zonta Club, a women's service organization; a secretary of the Dominion Council of the United Empire Loyalists' Association; and secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Wholesale Grocers' Association.

The woman who opened the door to her room wore a full-flowing pastel silk housecoat. Her husband had had it made for her at Christmas, she said. She carried herself well, which added a dignity to the prettiness of her coloring; clear pink-and-white skin, upswept grey hair, sparkling brown eyes and a smile that is accustomed to come quickly and therefore has molded her expression.

Slim, quick moving, quick talking, she was back at the desk by the window while still saying "how d'you do."

"Do you mind if I finish these couple of notes?" she said. "Since my election I've got about 400 letters and I'm trying to answer them." As she continued to write in flowing small hand on folded personal cards she passed me a sample letter. It began: "I am sure you are an honest Christian woman and you understand the real need of pensions for women at 65 . . ." It was dated Smithville, Ont.

Not Excited and Not Scared

AS SHE wrote her concentration was complete. I was certain that at this moment, on the eve of her new career, she had no thought of what she was about to leave behind.

There was, for one thing, the sprawling old house on George Street in West Hamilton. In its stead she would have a hotel room at Ottawa's Chateau Laurier. Instead of immediate concern about young Howard's troubles with chemistry versus music she'd have to worry about amendments and sub-amendments, national expenditures, defense measures and national unemployment. Behind her too was the small third-floor room, reached by an elderly lift, in Hamilton's City Hall, where she dealt with her civic chores. Behind her the airy barnlike office, with six windows opening on the trees and flowered lawns of Gore Square, an ancient accountant's desk against one wall, from where she had gone to business. Her whole mind seemed given to her task at hand. Her concentration was equally complete when she gave it to me.

"I thought I was going to win right through," she said. "You can feel the swing of it, you know." (She has run successfully since 1945 for the Hamilton City Council.) "The people were with me. Even with the Liberal papers the worst thing they found to say about me was, 'The city of Hamilton needs you. Do not take a federal seat.'"

No, she didn't feel particularly excited or scared at going to Ottawa: "I've been at this sort of thing a long time now."

She began to talk about the election she had won for the Progressive Conservatives. This was the by-election held May 15 when the West Hamilton seat fell vacant with the Hon. Colin Gibson's appointment to the Ontario Supreme Court.

"It's always important that people should get out to vote. The first time I ran for this federal seat I was defeated by three votes. Three! Yet the following day I had about 30 phone calls from people who said they were sorry they hadn't been able to get out to vote. That's one thing I'm always going to stress very definitely—everybody's responsibility to take active part in running this country."

"We had a lot of fun with my campaign. We used the slogan 'Canada needs a woman's voice.' When the results came out one paper wrote, 'Canada is saved. We now have a woman in parliament.'"

"Have you got any speeches planned yet?" I asked her.

"No. Cass Casselman, who's our party whip, told me—he's been an old family friend for a long time—that I might not even make a speech at all this session. He said just to sit and watch until I familiarized myself

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The Black Magic Murder Case

When a blind Indian witch doctor saw a vision in the curling pipe smoke violent death came to the log house in the Ontario backwoods. For there was only one way to break the terrible curse of the Bearwalk

By **DON DELAPLANTE**

THE ROUGH hand-hewn log house sits desolately in a small clearing in the hardwoods of the Sheguiandah Indian Reservation, about 40 yards back from a dirt road which wanders south to blue Lake Manitou, age-old haunt of Indian gods and demons. The yard is overgrown with weeds and the white mortar has fallen away here and there from the chinks between the logs of the house. But no human hand has touched the house for five years and no one has stepped within the yard. The window panes are still intact; children of the reservation have not come close enough to throw stones.

To the frightened Indians of Manitoulin Island the house is known as the house of the Bearwalker, the house of death. They dare not pass it on the dirt road. They take wide

detours through the bushland, crossing themselves as they go.

For bound up in this house's bloody history are a patricide and a fratricide, separated by 30 years; the coming of witches by night in the form of bears, dogs, mice, fowl and fireballs which circled through the trees; a boy witch doctor who was blind and who saw visions in the smoke of a pipe; devil's statues made from clay and pierced to destroy enemies; small hand-carved boats which were submerged in tubs of water so enemies would drown when they went fishing; the brewing of love potions which almost drove a man insane with desire.

In the front yard of this lonely dwelling James Nahwegizik shot his father Alec to death—and was

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ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSTON



Jim Nahwegizik told the paleface court that witch doctor medicine drew pig hairs and chips of wood from his head.

JOE PALOOKA

A DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE

By HAM FISHER



"THEAH'S A GREAT CHEAH AS THE ROYAL PAHTY ENTAHS... HIS MAJESTY'S PAHTY INCLUDES MISTAH CHURCHILL, LORD MOUNTBATTEN AND BY JOVE... MISTAH BING CROSBY AND MR. BILL MORROW. AND THERE'S FRANK FARRELL



THE BIG FIGHT between Joe and Britain's Eustace Pinkney-Grimes in London attracted some famous fans. Some true-blue Britons saw red.

Joe PALOOKA

RICHEST PUG

By JAMES EDGAR



HAM FISHER peddled Palooka for nine years before the nice guy with muscles started on his career. Fisher is credited with changing comic strips from skits to serial adventure stories, with first using current backgrounds.

ONE DAY in 1921 one Hammond Edward Fisher was walking past Colombo's poolroom in the gritty coal town of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., when he bumped into a hulking local lad with mighty thews and mangled prose who had taken to the prize ring to support a fatherless family.

"How about I and youse having a game of gol-uf up at the muni-sippel course?" the bumpkin asked.

Then and there Fisher, an aspiring cartoonist on the Wilkes-Barre Record, got the inspiration for a comic strip which he called Joe the Dumbbell—later the name was changed to Joe Palooka.

Now Ham Fisher estimates that he grosses \$8 millions a year from Palooka, of which he personally clings to about \$400,000. These fabulous riches pour in from Palooka strips in about 400 papers, from millions of Palooka comic books, from several dozen Palooka movies, from Palooka candies (4 million boxes sold in the first two weeks).

The word "palooka," meaning a third-rate pugilist, was coined by Jack Conway, of Variety, in the early 20's. But Fisher has put the word into the minds of millions. Near Bedford, Ind., there is a 30-foot Joe Palooka in everlasting limestone which can be seen for 20 miles either way. The former Indian Lookout near Wilkes-Barre has been renamed Mt. Joe Palooka. There is an annual civic romp in Bridgeport, Conn., known as Joe Palooka Day, when the young are inspired by Joe's example of nonsmoking, nondrinking and practically no kissing. In Australia, where the cartoon is very popular, an annual horse race is called the Joe Palooka Stakes.

Fisher has had poor luck in his efforts to saturate the radio with Palooka. Palooka was once sponsored by a firm of pickle people. "They would call up the station three minutes before we went on the air," Fisher recalls, "and demand a complete rewrite job. They didn't like the way Knobby Walsh, my fight manager, talked. They said

**Ham Fisher's brawny clean-cut champion
rakes in a yearly purse of
\$8 millions from comic strips,
movies and candy while his creator feuds
endlessly with Li'l Abner's Al Capp**



IN THE WORLD

Knobby couldn't say words like 'chump' while an audience of prospective pickle users were listening." Palooka stopped praising pickles.

Ham Fisher is a stocky balding man of 50 with a husky voice and an alert, eager personality. Apart from his accomplishment in U. S. caricature he is a supersalesman to the pointy tips of his shoes. The comic strip is a triumph of persistence. It took Fisher from 1921 to 1930 to get his pug syndicated. New York syndicate managers told him early and often that Joe Palooka would never sell to a newspaper editor anywhere. Once Fisher got a job on the N. Y. Daily News as an ad salesman, plotting to smuggle Palooka into the tabloid through the back door. Joseph Patterson, publisher of the News, reputed to be a wizard at picking comic strips, easily knocked Palooka out of the ring.

In 1930 Fisher tried the McNaught Syndicate once again. The manager looked at Palooka and shook his head, "It won't sell. Nothing is selling. Take this strip here, Dixie Dugan. We're sending it back to the authors. We had it for six months and sold only one paper." Fisher looked at Dixie Dugan and cried, "This is great: Let me go out and sell it." The syndicate reluctantly agreed.

What Fisher Says About Capp

PAYING his own way, and sometimes hitchhiking, Fisher ranged as far as Kansas City and came back in six weeks with 41 papers signed up for Dixie Dugan. He accepted the commissions with a secret smile. To each editor he had charmed on the road Fisher had given a mystic departing message: "One of these days I'll be back with the greatest feature this country has ever seen."

A few months later he went out and sold 22 papers in 18 days a comic strip called Joe Palooka.

He locked himself in a hotel room to produce the daily and Sunday strips, which require about

100 hours drawing a week, not including time spent on ideas. "I worked over the drawing board until I fainted," he says. Four months after Palooka appeared the Pittsburgh Press said in an editorial, "Joe Palooka is gorgeous. If the high-brow of today doesn't recognize it, our wiser descendants will give it the estate of David Copperfield and Huckleberry Finn."

Fisher hired an Irishman named Bill Boyle to help draw Palooka. Then, one day in 1933, Fisher had an experience which has grown into a bitter feud almost Homeric in its intensity, which has gone on longer than the Siege of Troy. The other half of the feud is Al Capp, the author of Li'l Abner. Here is the way Fisher tells it.

"I was driving my sister Lois along Eighth Avenue, near Columbus Circle, when I saw a fellow carrying a roll of paper along the street. He looked unkempt and was limping. I pulled over and said, 'What kind of drawings have you in there, buddy?' He said, 'How'd you know they were drawings?' I said, 'I work at the Mirror and see lots of strips come in wrapped in that kind of paper.' He said, 'Nobody'll buy my drawings. I'm headed for the river.' I said, 'Hop in and we'll go to my house for lunch.' His name was Al Capp. I didn't tell him mine. I asked him, 'What's your favorite strip?' To my delight, he said, 'Joe Palooka.'

"Capp saw on my wall a portrait of me by James Montgomery Flagg, inscribed 'To Ham.' Capp said, 'Why, it's you. You're Ham Fisher.' He begged me for a job. I had an assistant and I couldn't see how I could afford another one. But I took pity on him and gave him a job lettering and inking-in. Many months later I was going on a week's vacation. Capp came up just as I was leaving and demanded a \$50 a week raise, and sneered that I wouldn't be able to go away if he refused to work. I blew up. I fired him and took the work with me.

"When I returned Capp called incessantly begging for his job back. I got him a job with United Features Syndicate where he started a hillbilly strip called Li'l Abner. It was so similar to the hillbillies I had originated in Joe Palooka that I protested to the syndicate. Capp apologized to me and promised to change the characters. He has never fully done so. He now claims he originated cartoon hillbillies. Despite his present-day claim Mr. Capp has stated several times earlier in interviews that I taught him what he knows."

What Capp Says About Fisher

AL CAPP says, "Fisher's story about picking me up in his car, after accosting me in a New York street, is true. Fisher's wrong when he says I was hired to 'letter' for him. I was an artist—good enough the year before to do a syndicated cartoon for the Associated Press called Mr. Gilfeather. Fisher would have been a highly impractical man to restrict a competent artist and writer to simple lettering.

"Fisher cannot draw at all, except for a few simple chalk-talk tricks, so when he says he 'took the drawings with him' it is a pathetic claim. I never told him Joe Palooka was my favorite strip. It's the kind of strip I deplore, a glorification of punches and brutishness.

"I was making \$19 a week, later \$22, while working for Fisher," Capp says. "For the period I was employed by Fisher I drew in their entirety all his Sunday pages, created all the characters therein and wrote every line. The time he went away was for six weeks, not one. He didn't leave me any money when he went and we had to live on what my wife was making.

"I had time on my hands and whipped up Li'l Abner and sold the cartoon to United Features Syndicate. The part

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PARSON BURRY at 51 still enjoys his sleeping bag on the trail.

SNOWMOBILE with United Church crest is Burry's pride. That's writer Anglin on top.

THE MECHANIZED MISSIONARY OF NORTHWEST RIVER

With a snowmobile, a radio transmitter and a cabin cruiser the Rev. Lester Burry fights the isolation of his Labrador parish and brings practical Christian leadership to his people

By GERALD ANGLIN

ONE SATURDAY night last January a Montreal lawyer who is also an ardent amateur radio operator picked up an urgent message from a fellow "ham" who identified himself as Lester Burry, operating station VO6B at some place called Northwest River in Labrador.

"We have a girl acutely ill with appendicitis and our doctor is away," said the voice out of the North. "I've been trying all night to raise the air base at Goose Bay to ask for a plane to fly her out but though we're only 25 miles from there I can't get through . . ."

"Will you ask Trans-Canada Airlines at Dorval to relay the message by teletype to Goose Bay?"

No true radio "ham" could ask a more exciting way to spend a Saturday evening. The Montreal lawyer and TCA promptly did their part. An RCAF skiplane landed on the ice at Northwest River next morning and had the patient back in Goose Bay's modern hospital before breakfast. And all concerned took a modest bow in the newspapers.

The incident was almost routine for the Rev. Lester Burry, a United Church missionary who has spent 20 years in Labrador battling a devil peculiar to that rugged land—*isolation*.

Burry has dared Atlantic storms in his 35-foot cabin cruiser *Glad Tidings* to get medical aid for a fisherman who had had his face kicked in by a flywheel. He once trekked 80 blizzard-whipped miles by dogteam carrying an injured girl to hospital. Early this year he climbed out of a sickbed himself to drive a Grenfell Mission doctor by snowmobile to a patient who never could have waited for aid to come by the fastest team of huskies. That trip put Burry back in bed sicker than ever. That is why a week later he couldn't take the girl with appendicitis to Goose Bay himself.

Thus known and respected up and down the country, parson Burry was elected to represent the people of Labrador at Newfoundland's constitutional convention in 1946 and chosen by the convention as one of the delegates sent to Ottawa to discuss confederation terms. Last June he was made an honorary doctor of divinity by Pine Hill Theological College in Halifax in tribute to his long service in this rugged sector of the United Church home mission field.

Labrador is a jagged triangle snugged into Canada's northeast shoulder, a part of Newfoundland wedged into mainland Quebec. There are 120,000 square miles of rocky, spruce-bristling

wilderness in Labrador, and scarcely 6,000 people. These people are fishermen who live on the coast and trappers who live around the shores of Hamilton Inlet, which thrusts 150 miles inland and is Labrador's one broad highway to the interior.

Burry makes Northwest River his home base because it is located at the head of the long inlet and is the 35-family "capital" of the interior. From here he sets out twice a year, in summer by boat and in winter by dogteam, for a seven-week trip 80 miles down the inlet to Rigolet at the narrows, then 200 miles south along the Atlantic coast to call at little communities like Cartwright, Spotted Island, Comfort Bight and Fishing Ship Harbor. The rest of the year he visits around among the eight or 10 interior settlements within a 30-mile radius of Northwest River. He covers about 3,500 wilderness miles a year.

Most of the settlements are pinpoints like Kenimisch and Butter and Snow, with one or two families each, but there is Mud Lake with 14 families and a frame church almost as big as the one that raises its white steeple over Northwest River. Largest of all is a war baby called Happy Valley, a mushrooming shacktown of 85 Labrador families built on the edge of the RCAF's Goose Bay base, where Happy Valley's menfolk work.

The distances and the isolation in Labrador seem

COLOR PHOTOS BY THE REV. LESTER BURRY

illusory if you fly in as I did a while ago—three and a half hours by RCAF North Star from the March mugginess of Montreal to Goose Bay's five feet of snow and 25-below cold.

Lester Burry added further camouflage by whisking me comfortably away to Northwest River in his snowmobile, 30 miles and two and a half hours across Goose Bay and a corner of Lake Melville. Both of these are segments of the long saltwater arm which starts out from the sea as Hamilton Inlet, but the people who live around it just call the whole thing "the bay."

As if the navy blue snowbus with its crimson United Church crest wasn't enough to dispel my wilderness illusions, Marie Burry welcomed me in the kitchen of her trim white two-story clapboard home—a kitchen complete with running water, pressure cooker and electric mixer. She led the way into a living room attractively furnished in hard maple, poured tea in dainty china cups and turned on the CBC news.

I was about to call a cab and go home when Mrs. Burry saved the day for romance by picking up her darning basket, then setting it aside to get on with a new pair of mukluks.

"Mukluks!" apologized her husband. "We've had to call them that ever since the air force boys arrived, all genned up on the north country. Never called them anything but skinboots before."

Mixmasters, then mukluks. That's the way Labrador is apt to treat the visitor who drops in for a quick look.

Burry is immensely proud of his snowmobile—proud and a little guilty. It looks like a streamlined car trailer but it has its own 120-horsepower motor in the rear and grinds along over drift and dale on a tough set of rubber caterpillar tracks, poking a stubby pair of skis ahead of it like feelers. It does 20 m.p.h. on a good hard track, will take half a dozen passengers, a stack of mail sacks or a pair of stretcher cases, and makes riding a *komatik* behind a dogteam seem like pretty primitive stuff.

That's what gives Burry his guilt complex. He owned his own team for 17 years before the church mechanized him in 1946. Once he and a Grenfell doctor trekked 80 miles through a blizzard in three days bringing a girl with a bullet wound in the head to the hospital at Northwest River. They tore up the floor of an abandoned tilt to make a box in which the unconscious girl could lie on the sled.

The snow blinded them and made such difficult

trekking for the team that they covered only 10 miles the first day. By 4 o'clock the second day men and dogs were sagging when they spotted a trapper's empty cabin—but it was so small they couldn't lift the box inside. So they had to push on another 20 miles to the next cabin. For the last 10 Burry led the way, fearful that every time he cut across a bay mouth in the lashing snow he might lose the party on the frozen lake. Though the blizzard let up the third day 35 miles of heavy going in fresh snow still lay ahead of them—but the dogs pulled them through.

Burry is built for the trail. He is less than medium height and is a compact 170 pounds; he tapers down from broad shoulders to the tips of his fancy, diamond-patterned sealskin snowboots. At 51 his hair is greying and thinning but his sandy eyebrows bristle aggressively and the spiky tufts that sprout from his ears remain a furious red. Behind rimless glasses his eyes have that narrowed alertness and his face that over-exposed ruddiness that you don't get looking at television. But by old-time Labrador standards a nice comfy snowmobile could seem almost armchair luxury.

"I can't look a dog straight in the eye any more," confesses the Labrador parson. "I don't even blow my horn when I pass a team on the trail."

The RCAF had promised to send a skiplane over from Goose Bay to pick me up at Northwest River for a fast getaway but a blanketing two-day snow storm stopped all travel dead. Burry then offered to return me to Goose in his snowbus.

The snowmobile has an escape hatch on top and standing with your head and shoulders thrust through the roof as it buckets across a frozen lake is enough to make any Walter Mitty feel like a pomp-and-glory tank commander roaring into Arctic battle. We were lurching grandly along on the way to Goose Bay with Burry driving zestfully when our chariot suddenly plunged through virginly innocent snow into a spreading brown sea of slush that stopped her dead.

As Burry, his brother-in-law and his guest dismounted and sadly surveyed the situation he explained that swelling tidewater sometimes broke through cracks in the three-foot ice; and that, because it had lately "come on a mild," the heavy blanket of snow had turned into a soggy swamp instead of freezing harder than ever. Class over, three men slugged for four hours to free the snowmobile—digging up to their elbows in icy water, lashing spruce saplings

Continued on page 33



NASKAUIPIE SQUAW comes with menfolk from the interior to trade at the inlet. Indians are R.C.'s.



BURRY'S BOAT, Glad Tidings, tours coast hamlets with clothes donated by United Church adherents.

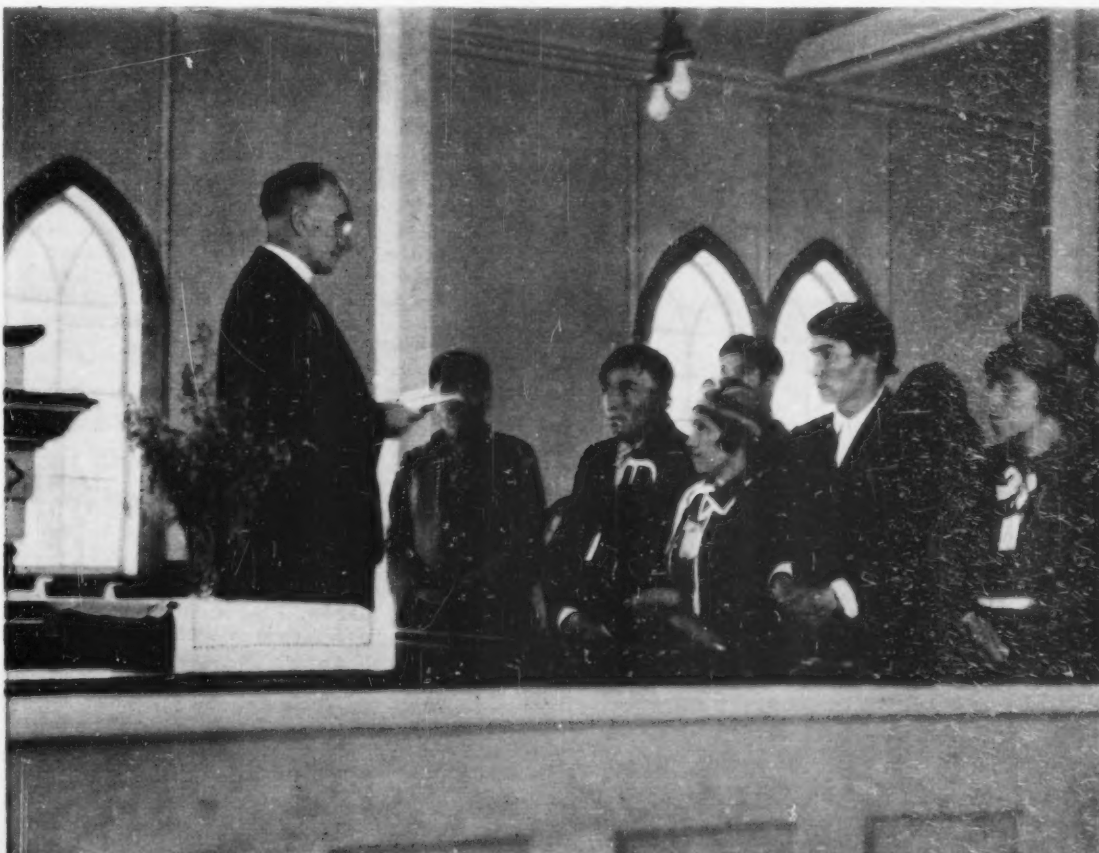
ESKIMO YOUTH in kayak paddled down to meet Glad Tidings at northern terminus of summer cruise.



HUSKY DOGTEAM is still the best for long journeys where a 1950 snowmobile might run out of gas.



PROTESTANT WEDDING of two Indian couples is performed by Burry in his Northwest River church. The next time a Roman Catholic priest comes around the marriage knots will be retied for good measure.



The Day You Meet Your Skunk

One of these days a skunk is likely to walk right into your life. If you treat him like a stinker you'll lose a new friend and probably a lot of your old ones

CARTOONS BY WHALLEY

By CHARLES NEVILLE

ONE of these days you are going to meet a skunk because the kittens with the stink gun are Canada's fastest growing minority. While most animals grow scarcer as man tightens his grip on the country the skunks are multiplying like flies in a garbage dump and making themselves at home in Canadian cities.

There is no telling where you'll meet your skunk. One woman met hers curled up in the living room radio. A mail collector met his in a post box. A motorist discovered one under the hood of his car. A constable met his on the steps of a downtown Toronto bank.

Whether the meeting will be happy or unhappy will depend on how well you know your skunk etiquette. A Montreal debutante who didn't know how to meet a skunk was Montreal's most shunned wallflower for a month.

Here's what everyone should know to remain socially acceptable in the new skunk age.

1. The skunk is Canada's cleanest animal. He hates to use his gun (it stinks to him too) and won't use it unless you make him.
2. He likes you. All he asks is that you like him.
3. It is really easy to like skunks. They are the friendliest, most playful, cutest, most harmless creatures that ever sauntered into a restaurant. Ask the man who owns one. There are hundreds of pet skunks.

Restaurant? Oh yes. At Port Stanley, Ont., two years ago. A waiter talked to it gently, petted it like a kitten, carried it back outside.

I've known a lot of skunks. There's one living under my front veranda now. I've also known a few people who have been skunked. I can say that if you are made the recipient of a skunk shower some day, nine chances in 10 it will be your own fault.

Even the Grizzlies Run Away

LET'S quit regarding him as the great untouchable. The time is here when we have to learn to live with him, anyway. Any creature that possesses a weapon as potent as his, yet holds it in reserve for only the direst emergency, is a friend worth cultivating and a model worth studying in these times. World peace would be assured if more humans were skunks.

When a skunk was carved into the stone façade of Toronto's new Bank of Montreal someone suggested it was symbolic of bankers. To his surprise, sculptress Jacobine Jones agreed. "Bankers are like skunks," she said. "Both are much maligned when actually they are very charming and amiable folk. I know. I had a skunk in my studio for several days when I was doing the preliminary sketching."

Stinky is a member of the

weasel clan (other members: mink, ferret, otter, badger). All weasel folk have musk glands, but the skunk discovered these glands were effective weapons of defense so he added a spray gun to the equipment and started taking life easy. The skunk no longer had to live by wits or speed so he became a fat, slow, peace-loving dimwit, too dumb to run away from trouble; but it didn't matter because trouble always ran away from him.

Nature marked him so there could be no misunderstandings. Most animals are camouflaged dark above and light below, but the skunk is camouflaged in reverse. It isn't his fault if you don't see him in time. He wears a warning flag of two white stripes along his back and bushy tail which stand out like appendectomy scars at a nudists' convention.

He's at home throughout most of North America as far north as James Bay and Great Slave Lake. He's common in settled areas of Eastern Canada, is somewhat rarer in the northwoods and western provinces. The Indians called him *Shee-gaw* and knew the Lake Michigan country as *Shee-gaw-go* (skunkland) for centuries before the paleface used the word to name the continent's second-largest city (and spelled it Chicago).

Removal of forests and fear of man have caused most American wildlife to decline but the skunk doesn't like forests and fears nothing (not even grizzlies) so his clan has increased greatly with civilization. A lazy loafer who would sooner eat garbage than hunt for his dinner, he has discovered it is a lot easier to crawl under a house than dig his own den and in recent years he has been invading towns and cities. He likes humans, is never happier than when living close to man. Sad to say, man rarely returns the compliment.

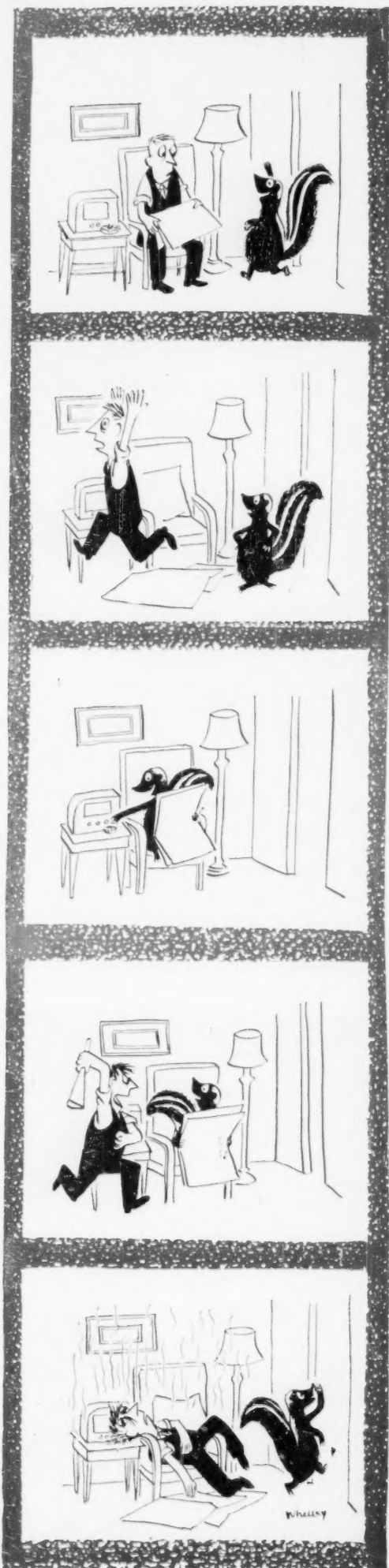
Last year word passed around among South-western Ontario skunks that Caledonia was a lovely town that deserved a higher skunk population—so they moved in, strolled down the main street whenever they felt like it, did everything except run for town council. Most were law-abiding citizens but two or three became trigger-happy renegades who started shooting up the main drag.

The town fathers offered a \$1 bounty per skunk corpse. Everyone went gunning for skunks; the skunks went gunning for everyone else. Louis Carpenter shot one in his chicken house, congratulated himself for having eliminated his skunk worries; in the next six months had to shoot 28 more in the same spot. Caledonia discovered it is a lot easier to live with skunks than try to get rid of them.

A resident in Brantford, Ont., called police because a skunk was trespassing under his veranda. Police tried to rout him with tear gas; the skunk wouldn't budge. To skunk nostrils tear gas was just so much eau de cologne. A constable was posted to blast the skunk when he came out for his evening stroll. At dusk he sauntered out. The officer shot. A second skunk appeared. The officer shot. Continued on page 34



A skunk makes a lovable pet. And he can be useful, too.



Kodak
TRADE-MARK

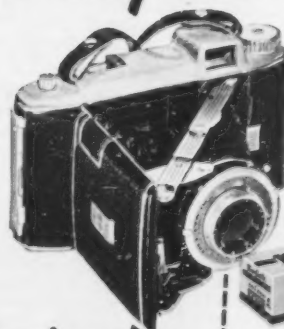
Years from now they'll still be
the same, in their vacation pictures

Your snapshots tell the story best

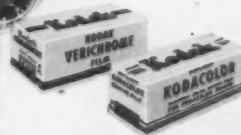
Away on vacation, or at home, there are always chances for pictures that will be priceless later on. With your camera handy, and two or three extra rolls of Kodak Film, you're ready for them all. And with extra prints, it's easy to share the "big moments" of family life with your friends.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

Wonderful gift for any occasion—a Kodak or Brownie camera



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Tear off this corner as a reminder to get some Kodak Film. Size



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Your snapshots tell the story best

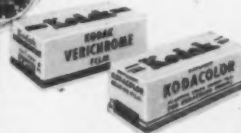
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JUNE CALLWOOD AND TRENT FRAYNE tell all about their honeymoon while Jill and Barney help. They were told to go write their own.

In the Editors' Confidence

WHILE June Callwood and her husband Trent Frayne are both old hands, in a youthful way, at writing articles for this magazine, their story on pages 10 and 11 about the honeymoon they took in Niagara Falls represents their first attempt at journalistic collaboration. This was accomplished, they tell us, by setting up two typewriters in the living room and writing industriously without reference to each other except to enquire about the spelling of words or to ask Barney, age 2, and Jill, age 5, to run off and write magazine articles of their own.

By the end of the collaboration the Fraynes made several discoveries. They learned that Trent, who covers the Toronto Maple Leaf ball games for the Toronto Telegram, is far more prodigal with commas than his wife. They discovered that blending two styles is such a tricky process that they are not at all surprised Gilbert and Sullivan ended up snarling at each other.

They also discovered, toward the end of the job, that Barney had the measles. As the spots flared up like surrealistic polka dots, Trent murmured something about a double-header in Baltimore and went out the door with his portable typewriter and most of the team's available stock of commas. June finished the story, glancing up every so often to see if the measles had come for Jill.

● Maclean's new art editor, Gene Aliman, once made and displayed

puppets but since he got into the magazine business he hasn't had time to take his loose-jointed friends out of their boxes for a romp. He feels sorry about this, too, because watching his daughter Susan, who is



GENE ALIMAN, Maclean's new art editor.

5, at play has given him some wonderful ideas for puppet antics. Maybe one day we can get him to persuade some of them to enact before the camera an illustration for an article.

Aliman, who was born in London in 1919 and has lived in Toronto since 1929 except for a hitch in the Army, has been a machine toolmaker, a free-lance artist and more recently a magazine art director, coming to this one from Mayfair just the other day.

FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE got his unusual view of the Maid of the Mist from a bouncing motorboat which followed close in the wake of the famous Niagara Falls excursion craft while the artist soaked up impressions and spray. Arbuckle, using artistic license which is something like poetic license, made a few changes in the actual scene in the process of creating this picture. The crewman on the back of the boat did not have his pipe turned upside down. And there were some honeymooners who didn't have their arms around each other. As a matter of fact Arbuckle believes that they may not have been honeymooners at all.



How Red Dutton Made His First Million

Continued from page 13

joined the Army as "Mervyn Dutton" and he was married as "Mervyn Dutton." His lawyers describe him in legal documents as "Norman Alexander Dutton, commonly known as Mervyn."

His father, the late William A. ("Big Bill") Dutton, was a huge shaggy-haired Irishman who drove logs on the Ottawa River for the famed J. D. MacArthur and was reputed to be one of Canada's greatest timber cruisers. He went west with MacArthur and made and lost fortunes with astounding regularity in lumbering and railway construction. He had an extensive racing stable, gambled heavily and, paradoxically, died at the depths of the depression extremely wealthy.

Although he established several of his other children in businesses, he ignored Mervyn who was his favorite. "If I help Merve," he explained, "I'm going to spoil him."

At that time the favorite son didn't have much opportunity to be spoiled. He was attending St. John's College in Winnipeg when war broke out and he sneaked away from home to join the Patricias. On the night of April 17, 1917, he went on a final patrol at Farbus Wood before going out of the line to take a Commission in the Royal Flying Corps. The shell which hit him flattened six other Patricias. He lay in a chalk pit for more than three days and it was eight days from the time that he received his first emergency dressing till his second dressings were applied in base hospital.

He looked pleadingly at the doctor who had shaken his head ruefully when he examined the mangled leg. The doctor patted his shoulder and said, "Don't worry, son—I won't cut it off without telling you first."

Two Games a Night

The leg on which he limped out of hospital wouldn't have won any beauty prizes but it was equipped with a foot and a knee and a few of the essential tendons and muscles. Red had determined to be a hockey player and when he returned to Winnipeg after the Armistice he began a strenuous training program. He took a job as a time-keeper on one of his father's railway construction jobs in Saskatchewan in the summer of 1919. To strengthen his legs he ran countless times daily from gang to gang, checking the progress of the work. With the freeze-up he returned to Winnipeg and skated from early morning until late at night. That winter he played in seven separate Winnipeg hockey leagues, frequently playing in two games in the same night.

He was back at construction work the next summer and back at hockey the following winter. In 1921 he took a railway construction contract of his own in Saskatchewan. He underestimated costs and went broke. He had to borrow \$185 from his father who made him repay the sum from his hockey earnings. By this time he had attracted the attention of the hockey scouts, and that autumn he went to Calgary to join the Canadians who subsequently amalgamated with the Calgary Tigers in the Western Canada League.

Dutton wasn't an immediate sensation but he was as colorful as any man in an era of very colorful hockey players. He was big and surprisingly fast and the spectators reacted pleasantly to the vigor with which he dismantled

his opponents. The records reveal that he earned more penalties than goals.

The following summer he took a job in a coal mine at Drumheller. To keep his legs in shape he played baseball. The next year, 1923, Dutton borrowed \$500 to go into partnership with Tom Dempster on a railway subcontract. They made money and since that day he has never looked back.

The Prairie Holdout

When the western hockey leagues collapsed in the spring of 1926 the robustious redhead from Calgary was one of the players sought eagerly by teams in the expanding National Hockey League. The Patrick brothers from the Pacific Coast and Lloyd Turner, owner of the Calgary club, had decided to sell all their contracted players to the NHL for a lump sum. Dutton was too much of an individualist to permit himself to be sold as a sports slave and, accordingly, he played hide-and-seek with Frank Patrick and Turner all over the prairies while they tried to get his signature on a contract. Meanwhile, he had arranged his own rendezvous with Eddie Gerard, of the Montreal Maroons.

They met in a Moose Jaw hotel room and Gerard offered him \$5,000 to sign a Maroon contract plus \$5,000 a year for three years. Dutton was stunned by the thought of receiving so much money for playing a game he loved. To gather his wits he leaned forward momentarily and buried his face in his hands.

Mistaking the gesture for one of disgust Gerard, who was no quibbler, said quickly: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Red—I'll give you \$6,000 to sign a contract and I'll pay you \$6,000 a year for three years."

Dutton almost ripped the buttons off Gerard's coat as he reached for a pen to sign the contract. Carrying his bonus gleefully he hurried back to Calgary to buy a house for his wife and growing family.

Before he had been around the Montreal Forum for many weeks Dutton was known as the Wild Man from the West. He slammed into every opponent in sight and his rivals goaded him into senseless penalties. Finally, Gerard was forced to bench him for three games.

Dutton was desperate in his inactivity. Finally, he put the issue up to Gerard: "I'm not happy here," he said. "Trade me to some other team where I'll have a chance to play hockey regularly."

Gerard stared at the miserable defenseman for a few seconds before answering. "Do you think that you can learn to control your temper?" he asked.

Dutton was astounded: "It isn't my temper I have to control," he said passionately. "It's my enthusiasm."

Gerard couldn't doubt him. Thereafter, he looked upon Dutton as a potential 60-minute performer in any game.

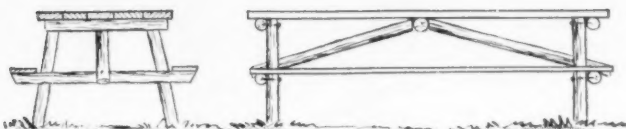
Red played four years for the Maroons and never had a season in which he registered more than 16 scoring points or served less than 34 minutes in penalties. In his third season he served 139 minutes in a 44-game schedule. In 1930 he was traded to the inept New York Americans for Lionel Conacher. Dutton was broken-hearted, but gave the Americans the same reckless and enthusiastic service that he had given in Calgary and Montreal. He wouldn't have thought of quitting hockey, even if the Maroons had traded him to a fish-and-foundry league.

He was assigned to room with Worters, the sardonic, undersized goal

Continued on page 26

Around the Home ...

RUSTIC TABLE

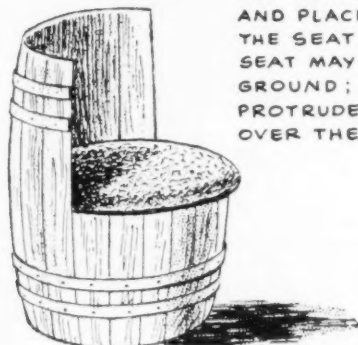


CEDAR OR PINE LOGS - WITH BARK OR VARNISHED
... DRESSED PINE FOR THE TABLE SURFACE.



ROLL OUT THE BARREL .

CLEAN BARREL THOROUGHLY.
SANDPAPER THE SIDES
TO REMOVE DIRT AND
SLIVERS . . .
CUT OUT HALF THE STAVES,
AND PLACE CLEATS TO HOLD
THE SEAT IN PLACE.
SEAT MAY BE 16" FROM
GROUND; FRONT TO
PROTRUDE TWO INCHES
OVER THE EDGE.



GARDEN ORNAMENTS... BUTTERFLY

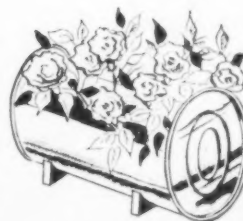


WINGS OF 3/4" PLYWOOD, BODY IS
A CLOTHES PEG, ANTENNAE OF WIRE
(COLOUR AND MOUNT ON STAKE
OF 1/4" ROD AND PLACE NEAR
THE PERENNIAL BORDER)



LIGHT BUGGY WHEEL AS TRELLIS FOR CLIMBERS

THE ABUSED TIN CAN
MAKES A FINE CONTAINER
FOR SMALL PLANTS...OR A GOOD CANDLE HOLDER.



TOM GARD'S NOTE BOOK

HIGHLIGHT of a recent picnic trip with the family was discovering a rustic table I could copy. Am building one in front of our barbecue.

Was very intrigued by the "barrel chairs" a friend made. They were easily constructed. He'd also used an old buggy wheel as an excellent trellis for climbers. It can be placed against the wall under a window or propped upright by itself.

Have decided to brush up on my tin-can craft. No hobby is easier to master, nor the equipment more easily found.

Properly chosen and placed, ornaments can add much to garden beauty—especially if they are out of the ordinary—a carboy, sundial or painted butterfly. An example of the latter is shown.

.....

For more information on these and many other ideas—write Tom Gard, Dept. P, Molson's Brewery Limited, P.O. Box 1600, Place d'Armes, Montreal, for the illustrated booklet "Around The Home".

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The Bachelor's Dilemma

by

Morley Callaghan

A Canadian writer of international repute is Morley Callaghan. His new novel, "The Loved and the Lost", will appear shortly.



The night before Christmas Harry Holmes, the plump young executive with the bow tie, came home to his bachelor apartment near the university and found the janitor had put a turkey on the kitchen table. It was a fine big bird weighing twenty-two pounds, far too big for his small ice box, and tied to the leg was a note from the manager of his favorite restaurant congratulating him on winning their turkey raffle. Wondering when he had taken the ticket he thought, "Well, the devil must look after his own", and he telephoned his brother's wife who had invited him for dinner on Christmas Day. "Well, this year, for a change I'll provide the turkey", he said, feeling exuberant. "I've got it right here".

"Oh, Harry, that's a shame", she said. "We've got a turkey big enough for three days. It's in the ice box". There was no room in the ice box for his turkey and so she had to disappoint him.

Soon he was smiling and indulging himself, anticipating the pleasure he would get giving the turkey to Tom Hill, his underpaid assistant who had just got married. Then he talked on the telephone to Tom, who had to explain his wife had bought a turkey that afternoon, and he was so apologetic and embarrassed Harry thought, "You'd think I was trying to get him to do something for me", and he felt amused.

He called three old friends. Two were out of town for the holiday; the other had won a turkey in a bowling alley. Then he remembered that two other friends whom he admired, sports columnists on the local newspapers, were accus-

tomed to foregathering at this hour in a cafe on Bloor Street. With the turkey in his arms he took a taxi to the cafe, grinned jovially at the hat check girl who asked him to check the turkey, strode past her to the familiar corner table, laid the turkey before his astonished friends and invited them to toss for it. One telephoned his wife, the other his sister. Both had turkeys and crowded refrigerators. The hostile waiter glared at the turkey lying on the table. And Harry's friends, having stood him treat, began to make jokes. "I'm afraid", one said, teasing Harry and pretending to be in the theatrical business, "we have a turkey on our hands". It was all very jolly, and he laughed too, but the fact was they didn't appreciate that he had thought of them, and he had to pick up his turkey and go home.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the kitchen, standing beside the turkey, he felt irritated; it was as if his brother's wife and Tom and all his friends had joined together to deny him the satisfaction of pleasing them with a gift, and as he looked out the window at the lighted houses of his city of a million souls he suddenly felt discontented with his life which had been going so smoothly until he had to get a turkey cooked. "There's something the matter with the world when you can't give a turkey to anyone who knows you", he thought. "To the devil with it".

Then he tried to sell the turkey to the restaurant, but the manager refused to buy back a turkey he had given away; "Why don't you try a butcher?" he asked.

A butcher store a few blocks away on Harbord was still open, but the bald-headed butcher, pointing to his turkey-filled window, said, "Look what I have left, mister! I'll sell you one at half price". On the way home the big turkey seemed to take on weight, Harry's arms ached, and he was glad when he dumped it on the kitchen table. Exhausted, he lay down and fell asleep.

At the Christmas dinner at his brother's place, they were surprised to hear his turkey was still on his kitchen table, and he wondered why he felt ashamed. When he got home in the evening he stared uneasily at the naked bird. "It'll go bad", he thought and he sniffed. Picking it up he went out and began to cross Queen's Park. It had begun to snow. Wet dead leaves in the melting snow glistened under the park lights. Shifting the turkey from one arm to the other, he headed for a church along a side street. There he asked the white-haired man who answered the door, "Do you know anyone who would like a Christmas turkey?" He added apologetically, "It's late, I know".

"It's never too late, my son", the old man said. "I know a hundred poor families in the neighbourhood who'll appreciate a turkey. Won't you give me your name?"

"It doesn't matter", Harry said awkwardly. And as soon as he felt the weight of the turkey being lifted off his arms he understood why he had felt ashamed at his brother's place. He hadn't been looking for someone who would appreciate a turkey. He had been looking for someone who would appreciate him.

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FORD-MONARCH DEALERS - MERCURY-LINCOLN-METEOR DEALERS



Continued from page 22
tender. "So you're the great Dutton," Worters greeted him with mock humility. "They say that you've been in the league for four years but this is the first time I've ever seen you. I guess you never managed to get up to my end of the ice."

Sluttering indignantly, Dutton was on the verge of committing mayhem. Then he took another peek at Worters who, at all times, wears an expression of bland childlike innocence. That was the beginning of a firm friendship which has grown with the years.

High Jinks in Big Town

Red is a gregarious fellow who could make himself at home atop a hot stove with a family of Indian fakirs but only the limitless plains of the West and the canyons of New York City really are equipped to give full play to his ebullient spirits. The Americans were owned by Bill Dwyer who was one of the great American patriots during the period in which the Eighteenth Amendment was enforced. Dwyer imported schooner loads of whisky from St. Pierre and Miquelon to assuage the thirst of the American public. The Americans' dressing room in Madison Square Garden often was the last stop on the road to hockey oblivion.

There was a season in which the raffish Americans astounded their supporters and themselves by winning a berth in the Stanley Cup play-offs. As a suitable reward Dwyer decreed that the entire team should be taken to his country estate to rest for their first play-off engagement. The hockey players assembled in the lobby of Mr. Dwyer's Hotel Forest and were greeted by some of Mr. Dwyer's hoodlums who had been told that the boys were to be treated royally. The hoods ushered the hockey players into the last two cars of a five-automobile cavalcade. The leading three cars were loaded with Mr. Dwyer's best imported merchandise, guarded by gentlemen who wore their black hats low over their eyes and stylish pin striped jackets over their shoulder holsters.

The hockey players went into serious relaxation at the Dwyer estate which, unfortunately, was equipped with a half-mile training track for the Dwyer race horses. Inevitably, they instructed their hosts to saddle up some of Mr. Dwyer's chargers so that they could stage a race.

There was a good deal of crowding and bumping at the start but the field broke in good order and George Patterson, the star right-winger of the team, charged into the lead. All would have been well if Patterson and his mount had been in full co-operation when they reached the first turn. But the horse veered left and Patterson, a stubborn man, continued straight ahead. He landed on his elbow and, back in New York, Dwyer felt a stab in the heart as Patterson's arm fractured. That ended the team's vacation. Also, it ended the Americans' Stanley Cup chances.

The Baiting of McVeigh

The repeal of prohibition spelled the doom of the Americans. Dwyer's business fell away to nothing, his fortunes dwindled and he lost control of the American Hockey Club which became the property of the National Hockey League.

Dutton had six good seasons with the Americans. Then, in the spring of 1936, he received the chance that he had been waiting for—a chance to manage a professional hockey team. Frank Calder, president of the NHL and custodian of the American fran-

Maclean's Magazine, August 1, 1950

chise, tapped him to be manager-coach of the club.

He was a success as a manager. In the beginning he had to work with the cast-offs of every other team but, after three years, he had built up a scouting system which rapidly was developing good young players. If war hadn't intervened the Americans might have been built into a formidable organization.

He imbued his players with his own fierce desire to win. His slogan was "Keep Punching" and he chalked it on the blackboard in the American dressing room and there it remained until the league disbanded the club in 1942. He changed the name of the club to the "Brooklyn Americans" because he reasoned that the rowdy Americans were a team which would appeal to the rowdy residents of Brooklyn. He was a desperately hard loser and the New Yorkers loved him.

All referees were his foes but one of his particular targets was Charlie ("Rabbit") McVeigh, who was a fellow veteran of World War I and a former New York teammate.

One night Dutton stormed so strenuously over an adverse decision by McVeigh that the galleryites littered the ice with programs and coins. McVeigh was leaning nonchalantly against the boards, near the American bench, while the sweepers cleared the ice.

"Charlie," shouted Dutton, with the most disarming smile, "is the Canadian Government still paying you that pension for your ears?" McVeigh had been partially deafened by shelling during the war.

"Sure," said the unsuspecting McVeigh.

"You dirty little such-and-such," roared Dutton, "they should be paying you another pension for your eyes because you're blind, too!"

Boss Man in the NHL

Every practice was a hockey game as far as Dutton was concerned. One morning he was disgusted by the manner in which Alan Murray, the hard-hitting but small defenseman, was body checking. "Murray," he screamed, "You're kissing them—just kissing them. I'm going to bring the puck down there and, by blanket-blank, you're going to hit me a real body check or you're going to the minor leagues."

Murray was reluctant but orders were orders. Dutton was in street clothes, apart from the fact that he was wearing skates and carried a hockey stick. Dutton picked up the puck on his stick, swirled down the ice and crashed into the defense. Murray hit his manager the grand-daddy of all body checks. Dutton spent the next week in hospital.

Even as he was borne from the ice Dutton managed to turn to his American hirelings and gasp: "That's the way to dish out a body check!"

In the spring of 1942 Calder yielded to the pressure of other NHL moguls who wanted to disband the Americans. Dutton pleaded in vain for his team and eventually extracted a verbal promise that, after the war, he could have an NHL franchise in the New York area. He had arranged for \$7 millions of financing for a new rink in Brooklyn and one of his chief supporters was William O'Dwyer, the present mayor of New York.

His business in Alberta needed him badly, though. In 1938, with his older brother, Jack, and Reg Jennings, he had started Standard Gravel. They had built the Calgary Airport and now with the tremendous expansion of war facilities their services were in urgent demand for more air fields and highways. In one respect Dutton wasn't

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fooling when he said, "Everything I have, I owe to hockey." It was his much-publicized hockey career which opened Ottawa doorways for him when he went to the capital to deal in war contracts.

His business partners needed him but fate intervened again. Frank Calder collapsed at an NHL meeting in February, 1943, and the directors called Dutton, asking him to hold a watching brief over the affairs of the league. His partners nodded assent and Red was off for Montreal. Calder lingered only a few weeks and, on his death, Dutton accepted the presidency of the league.

He presided over the league for three difficult years and never was the office of the presidency invested with more popularity. Almost immediately he suffered a double blow that might have wrecked the life of any man. His two adored older sons, Joe and Alex, both of whom had been among the first volunteers for the RCAF, were reported missing within months. Doggedly he stuck to his task and, although he greyed suddenly when their deaths were confirmed, he hid his grief and went about the business of reorganizing the league office.

His Last Sad Day

It wasn't until his one remaining son, Norman, ran away to join the Navy that, momentarily, he lost control of himself. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton were left only with Norman and a younger daughter, Beryl, and Norman was under military age. Red stormed up to Ottawa to interview Defense Department officials. He was at his wits' end until someone reminded him gently that he, too, had run away to join the Army when he was only 16. Norman came back to the Duttons safely after the war was over and now he and Beryl both are married in Calgary.

By the spring of 1946 the pressure of his business in Alberta had become so great that no longer could Jennings carry on alone. Dutton turned over the NHL presidency to Clarence Campbell, who just had returned from overseas service.

His last day in hockey was unhappy. As he concluded his final meeting he said: "And now, gentlemen, what about my franchise for a team in Brooklyn?"

The league governors looked at each other significantly. There was a good deal of inconclusive talk, the gist of which was that the league governors had decided that, when the day came, they would put a second team of their own into the New York area. Dutton still considers that he was double-crossed by the men whose burdens he had borne during the war years.

There was work in abundance waiting for him in Calgary. Under the guidance of the patient Jennings, Standard Gravel had been building 18 airports in Western Canada. It had built and surfaced highways all the way from the international boundary to the Northwest Territories.

"Do It Yourself"

Dutton's driving force has been a tremendous factor in their success. His personal popularity has brought the firm much business. At present it is throwing highways across the prairies and through the mountains in addition to constructing an \$800,000 tourist resort for the federal Government at Radium, B.C.; a large new office building for the oil industry in Calgary. He moves around so rapidly that he is considered to be something of a transient in his own beautiful home on the Elbow River.

His business motto is: "If you want

anything done properly, do it yourself!"

Occasionally this motto boomerangs. One day last summer he was watching one of his men operating a new type of bulldozer.

"Get off that thing," bellowed Dutton, "you're running it like an old woman! Go to the time office and get your pay!"

Dutton jumped into the driver's seat and began to fiddle with the gears. The machine defied him completely. He looked across the field and saw the driver trudging disconsolately toward the pay shack.

"Hey, come back here," yelled Dutton. "And, after this, run this machine properly."

He is a man of impulse. In the mid-30's he was chatting in a hotel room with two other hockey players, Paul Thompson and Tiny Thompson. Someone suggested that it would be a good idea if they obtained a beer license and opened a hotel in the booming Turner Valley. It was open for business in exactly 60 days and Dutton himself acted as bouncer in the beer parlor on opening night.

He got into the drive-in theatre business under similar circumstances. Frank Kershaw, an important motion-picture man, drove all the way from Vancouver to Toronto where he knew that Dutton was attending the 1948 Dominion football final game between Calgary and Ottawa. He caught Dutton at the height of the Calgary victory celebration and suggested a drive-in deal to him.

By the following summer they had constructed two theatres in Edmonton, one in Calgary and one in Lethbridge. In one short season they showed a profit of \$45,000 on the hot-dog concessions which they operate themselves. In their rest rooms they provide free diapers, free pins and even free baby powder.

Roughneck by Choice

When Red was appointed a director of Home Oil Company, the largest independent producer in Canada, he wasn't content merely to attend meetings. He donned work clothes and went into the fields for a week as a "roughneck." He explains: "I wanted to find out what I was director of."

Last winter he visited a famous ski-ground in the Rockies for the first time. Without any preliminary briefing he donned his skis and started down the run which customarily is reserved for professionals. Spectators covered their eyes as he came to grief on an uncovered rock.

As Dutton lay there, with his ankle badly sprained, he rubbed his face with fresh snow and smiled happily. "A grand place," he said when aid reached him.

A friend offered to carry him out of the ski lodge later. Angrily, Dutton demanded a pair of crutches and stumped out, muttering: "If you want to do anything properly, do it yourself!"

Dutton is a unique specimen of *homo sapiens Canadensis*. He is the outstanding advertisement for professional sport. He is one man who has amassed wealth without exciting the jealousy of his fellows. He is regarded only with admiration and affection.

When he passes to his final reward it is unlikely that he will find things completely to his liking in whatever distant paradise to which he is assigned. His restless spirit wouldn't permit him to settle for any job less than that of chief engineer. He'll tell the management firmly: "If you want anything done properly, you have to do it yourself." ★



Michael, Marywinn,
Marion and David Milne



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Mr Wm. Connor,
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April 19, 1950

Dear Mr Connor,

We have just finished our fourth heating season with radiant heating and our experience has been so satisfactory that we thought you should know of it. We expected unusual comfort throughout the house, but we never expected such small fuel bills! We have been especially pleased to discover that radiant heating in our basement makes that part of the house as liveable and comfortable as the main floor.

This is a great boon to parents for it means that the basement becomes a warm and comfortable playroom. We like our house and we like radiant heating, but if we ever build again we would not consider any other system.

Yours very truly,
Gilbert A Milne

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JEAN SIMMONS

Becoming World-Famous
Is Not So Difficult
After You Have Already Done It.



At 21 years, Jean Simmons won the popularity poll as Britain's leading feminine star. She did not really realize that any such development was taking place; is not affected by it; thinks that it all happened with little effort on her part.

★ ★ ★
The answer lies in her pictures and her performances. Her new film is *SO LONG AT THE FAIR*.

This is a fast switch on the fabulous yarn of the vanishing person and the vanishing room, made famous by Alexander Woolcott among others. The setting is the Paris Exposition of 60 years ago, very plush and very romantic and also slightly hot for anyone interested in fashions.

Styles have a 60-cycle habit and the modes of that period are in some respects, sneaking up on everyone again.

★ ★ ★
All the elements of the smash hit arrived unexpectedly in a picture called *PRELUDE TO FAME*. Like all great films, it has a fine story, again, by a famous author, Aldous Huxley. It has exceptionally emotional music.

The cast includes Guy Rolfe, the slim, sardonic star who has just moved into the top group of box-office favorites; Kathleen Byron in gowns by Molyneux; Kathleen Ryan of the Irish charm and a small youngster with large eyes who may well be giving the best performance since Jackie Coogan was "The Kid".

★ ★ ★
Favorite British films have a long life in Canadian theatres but should be seen early so that they can be seen once or more again. Two more in that class are exciting additions to the most popular tales of British courage and adventure: For the Navy, *MORNING DEPARTURE*; For the Army, *THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED*.

★ ★ ★
Alec Guinness, selected as Broadway's actor of the year, is about to be picked by Canadians as their selection for polished comedy. His current films, both from Ealing Studios: *KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS*, *A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY*.

To be sure you see these fine films, ask for playdates at your local theatre.

An EAGLE-LION Release

The Clumsy One

Continued from page 9

The hairspring broke. "Oh, is that so!" I shouted. "Well, do it yourself then, if you're so smart."

I turned to leave the field. When I was in a temper, the blot of anger seemed to strike all light and breath out of the place I was standing, like a blow in the stomach.

"Danny! For God's sake . . ." David said. Not angrily, but patiently. Because, for all his own quiet mind, he understood me so well he knew there was no sting of meaning in the words I couldn't stop.

I don't care about that time. The anger was over as soon as David spoke. I put my hands back on the plow handles. When we got to the top of the row, I looked back and said, "Now that's a pretty job, what?" and we both laughed. And then I asked him, the way the asking of help from another can be such a warming thing when anger between you has just passed, "What do I do, Dave—do I hold them too much this way or that way?"

He said, "You're plowing a little too deep, Danny, that's all."

I let him show me then. And the next time down the furrow I tried terribly hard to keep the sod from breaking, to show David how earnestly I was trying to learn from him—

I WENT to college and David didn't, but I don't care about that. Maybe I always had the best of things, but it wasn't that I took them from the rest of the family, selfishly. It wasn't as if there was ever any dividing among us; our needs were met out of what we all had together, as each required. There was a sort of shy pride and a fierce shielding of me, because I was the one in the family who was weak in the flesh, but had the quick way with learning. One Christmas I got a set of books with real leather binding, while David got only a sled. But I knew that as they watched my face glow just to touch those books, the pride and wonder of knowing that one of their own family could feel a thing like that, was a better share in the books than my own possession.

It was I who got two new suits the year I went to college, and David none; because I must look as good as the strangers I went among. But I don't care about that. If it had been David going away, I'd have given up my suit just as gladly. The thought that someone in the train might have the chance to laugh at his clothes, even though he bore their laughter quietly and without protest, would have made such a fierce hurt for him in me that I'd have given up anything I had to make his appearance equal to theirs.

I don't care about those things. But they were the things I thought about that day I struck him, just the same. I felt the shame of my action that day heavy in me, even before the others had gone; but I couldn't seem to help what I did. Sometimes there is a cruel persuasion you can't resist in the hurting of the one who understands you best, even as it hurts you more.

You see, the people who surprised me that day were some of the ones I had known at college.

I had just quarreled with David about the distance between the potato hills. I told him he'd dropped the seed too close. He said there was no sense in wasting space. It was no more than a discussion, to him, until I shouted, "Yes, yes, yes, you're so stubborn—"

I wasn't really shouting at David. It was only the rankling at my own helplessness to hoe more than one row to

his three, or to capture the knack he had of cutting the weeds and loosening the earth between the hills in a single stroke, just grazing the stalks of the plants themselves, that was speaking. The tremble of anger was still obliterating my attention when they sneaked up behind me. I never heard a sound of them until they spoke while my back was still turned.

"D'ya suppose he knows what he's doing?" Steve said.

I turned, startled. "Steve! Perry! Well, . . ."

"We're taking the census," Perry said, in mock seriousness. "Is your name Daniel Redmond? What was your income last year? Can you read?" "Come on," I laughed. "Come off it."

They had the smooth city way of talking, with a bit of laughter or a glib word always ready to bridge the small pauses; the way of not having to make the meaning that ran along in their minds match the sound track at all. David's straight talk, with the silences in it a way of speech too, would have seemed stupid to them.

I didn't call David to the side of the field by the fence. And when he heard us, hoeing over in the potato rows, I talked their way too—for him to hear. David had never heard me talk like that before. I let him think that was my real way of talking. The way I talked when I was with my own kind. A way he could never talk to me at all.

"How's Smokey?" I was saying. "And Chuck? What's Bill Walton doing this summer? It's funny, I was just wondering this minute if Bill had ever patched up his rift with Eleanor." (That was the year we were saying "rift.")

"I don't know," Steve said. "The last I heard, she was threatening to dump the whole complicated mess on the Security Council."

"Couldn't they work it out by algebra somehow?" I said.

"Yeah," Perry said, "or logarithms?" "Yes," I said, darting a quick smile at him, as if we were really clicking, "or logarithms."

David hesitated alongside us, making patterns on the ground with his hoe, not knowing whether he should stop or go past. They looked at him without curiosity. I didn't introduce him.

"It's a scorcher, ain't it!" David said.

"Yes, it's really hot," they said.

"Has it been hot in the city?" I said, as if accommodating the tone of my remark to the stature of his.

"Not bad," they said. "Not so far."

"We always get a good breeze here at night," David said.

There was a pause, as if the real conversation had stopped.

I had been angry with David, and I did it that day the way the city ones did it after anger. That way, you waited until others joined you and then you talked with them. Not making a point of it, as if to show the one you'd quarreled with that he wasn't the only friend you had; but just easily, as if the quarrel had become quite forgotten, now that these people you could really be yourself with were there. And if the quiet one doesn't leave at once, you draw him into the conversation, as if with kindness, from time to time; but you listen to what he says with patience, and sometimes after he has spoken you let his words hang in the silence a minute before you reply, and after awhile he begins to feel like someone trying desperately to cover his large inescapable hands.

They were asking me, why didn't the three of us get some rooms together next year, and cook our own meals?

"We could send you some sauerkraut," David said. We all laughed

politely at his little joke. I saw Steve's eyes catch Perry's.

"Now, Dave . . ." I said, tolerantly. There was quite a long silence.

"By the way," I said to Perry, "What brings you two to these hinter parts anyway?"

David stood there, with the self-consciousness that had made it so hard for him to stop and break into our talk at first making it just as hard, once he had stopped, for him to leave.

"Well, this ain't getting my work done," he said. We let his remark lie where it fell. We didn't help him out in the establishment of anything he said.

He bent over and began to cut the weeds again, but he still couldn't get clean away, because it was a slow business moving up the row with his hoe. The others scarcely glanced after him. I suppose they thought he was the hired man. I still talked their way, for him to hear. I let him believe that the glibness of my mind and theirs was a strangeness between him and people like us that he could never hope to overcome. That he wouldn't fit in with us at all. I put him outside, in the cruellest way it is possible to be put outside.

David, who once when I had cried because they wouldn't let me go to the back field for the cows with him, had felt so badly he'd gone out and broken the handle of my cart—so I'd hate him and wouldn't want to go . . .

That's the mean, rotten way I struck my brother that day.

IT WASN'T the same after the others had gone that day, as it had been times before when we had quarreled. He didn't come over and ask me what time it was or something, to break the silence. It was I who had to speak first. I took my hoe over to him and said, "Will you touch her up a little for me with the file, Dave?" But it wasn't like the times I used to borrow his knife.

He said, "Sure," but he said it too eagerly, and he didn't ask right away about the people who had been there. I hesitated to mention them too. And then after we had both hesitated, it wasn't possible to mention them at all. It wasn't true what I had let him believe that day—that they were my own kind and he was the stranger.

And walking back to the house that night, this thing between us that neither of us could mention lay on our tongues like a weight. He was quiet, without anger or protest, at the blow. And I had shame, which confession could only add to. The consciousness of even the movement of each other's limbs was so taut in us that if our feet had happened to slip and touch on the uneven ground, we'd have been struck with awkwardness beyond description.

Have you ever really lain awake the whole night? I did, that one. You know how, if you bruise your finger, it's when you go to bed that it really begins to throb. It was like that with my mind. How could I ever show David it wasn't the real me who had spoken that day—I had done my act so well. You can say, "I'm sorry I struck you, I guess I lost my temper," but you can't say you're sorry for a thing like what I'd done, without stirring up the shame fresher still. How could my mind show me the answer now, the mind my brother was always so proud of, though he couldn't speak his pride when it was that mind which I had used as the instrument to strike him.

I wondered if he remembered, that afternoon, the casual way I'd always answered him whenever he asked me things about college. I'd never thought he really cared about knowing. Maybe he had. That was a funny part about David. I had the quicker way with the

mind, and still I couldn't feel how it was with him, the way he seemed to know, with a quiet sensing, exactly how it was with me. I wondered if he'd thought that I was putting him off when he asked me those questions. I thought, look Dave, I'd tell you about college now, if you could ask me again. We'd sit all afternoon on the doorstep, pulling the timothy heads from their stalks and talking the easy way.

I wondered if he believed now that if he were in a quarrel with someone else, I might not take his side. (And I remembered—Oh Lord, I remembered—how David would always let me fight my own battles with kids my own size; but if any of the older ones so much as laid a finger on me he'd go into the only rages I'd ever seen him show.) I thought foolish things. I tried to console myself with the projection of foolish fictions: There was a war and David went first; because he was the strong one in the flesh and I was the one who had only the thin muscles of the mind.

But I lied to the examiners, and after awhile they took me too. I was small, but when I was angry I was as strong as the others. I was with David when he was in danger now, and so I was strong all the time. And the day David was killed I was right there, and in that last minute when all things are without falseness of any kind, he knew at last that I had been sick for what I had done to him. He knew that I wished we might change places. That the quickness of my mind would be nothing to part with, if it could save him. That I was never proud of it, myself, if it stood between us.

I started at the beginning again, making it happen a different way: I saw them when they got out of the car. Before they saw me. I ran down the row to where David was standing and grabbed his arm, with the anger all forgotten. "Dave," I said, "quick—there are some guys I knew at college over at the house and we don't want them stuck here all afternoon. Let's get out of sight in the orchard, quick."

Oh they *did* laugh at David. They said, "Who's your friend?"

"Who's my friend?" I said. "That's my brother. His name is David. You wouldn't know anyone like him. They made him first, out of the muscles and heart and sense—and then they had some pieces of tongue and gut left over and they added a little water and made you. They added quite a bit of water. Would you like him to come over and turn you inside out, to dry? It'd only take a couple of minutes. One to do it, and one to wash his hands afterward. Don't worry, he wouldn't laugh at you. Dave's a gentleman. He wouldn't laugh at that smooth little city-face of yours, Perry, or those little cellar-sprouts on your mind, or that rugged little necktie you're wearing, Steve."

Oh I told them so surely just why their kind wouldn't even move the needle on the scales you'd weigh David in. With such a clean cutting that they wouldn't reply, for all their glibness. They believed it of themselves all right. They were glad to get away from our field quickly. The sharp sword of my mind shone and sang doing it, and I was really proud of its quickness. And then I leaped over the rows eagerly with my hoe, to where David was standing; the song sharp in me almost to tears. The song of one who takes up the cudgel for another with whom he has himself quarreled, with the bright telling words the other could never in the world have found for himself—

But it was too late to do it that way now. It was foolish to take it out like that on Steve and Perry. They were good enough fellows. They weren't

to blame. There was no one to blame but myself. And it would never be the same between David and me again.

THE next afternoon the wood saw came. I was so draggy I didn't know how I would ever work. Lift the heavy logs and carry them to the saw table, then lift and thrust, lift and thrust, lift and thrust—without a minute's respite. With the crescendo whine of the whirling saw rising so demandingly between cuts that it seemed it would shatter itself to bits if it were not immediately fed again.

I always dreaded the wood saw. But somehow David had always managed that I got a break in the work now and then, without drawing attention to my weakness. He'd call, "Danny, go get us a dipper of water?" or "Danny, go get the crosscut, will you? We may have to junk some of the big ones." (As if he hadn't left the crosscut saw in the shop purposely.) When he sensed that I was getting intolerably tired, he'd call, "Move her ahead, fuhllas, eh? We're getting too far from the pile." There'd be five minutes or so then, while the others were pushing the machine ahead, and having a smoke maybe before they started up the engine again, that I could get my wind. And somehow, without his planning it in any way that was obvious, when we all fell into our places for the first cut, David would be at the butt end of the logs, next the saw, and I'd be at the light end, on the far side of the pile.

Stan was sawing that day when we started, Rich was throwing away the blocks, David was next the saw, Joe and App were strung along the pile, and I was at the far end. We hadn't sawed more than three or four of the first small wire birches when David threw his head back in a motion for me to come up front.

"Take it, will you?" he shouted at me, above the roar of the engine, "I gotta get a stake for the wheel. Don't cut them too long." The one who was next the saw regulated the length of the block by thrusting the stick ahead just far enough between cuts.

David got the axe and drove a stake down tight against one wheel, to stop the vibration of the machine. I expected him to change jobs with me again as soon as that was done; but when he came back he went to my place at the end of the stick and left me in his.

It was all right while we sawed the birches. They were easy to lift onto the table, and there was a kind of exhilaration in the lightning rhythm of thrust, zing, thrust, zing, thrust, zing—and the transformation of the straggling lengths of trunk into even-lengthed blocks of firewood that flew from Rich's hands and grew into a neat mound before the shop door.

But when we came to the leaden pasture spruces, their weight became hostile, punishing; and the heightening scream of the saw between cuts more demanding. It seemed as if each time I lifted the butt end of one of them from the pile, it was not by strength, but by an effort of will. Then I had the butt of the stick off the pile, with my heart beating very slowly now after having beaten very fast, it was as if I were dragging it to the table with the pit of my stomach, not my arms. My arms were trembling. Each time Stan tipped the table ahead so the saw could sever the block, I relaxed and let my weight ride with it. But the next instant it was necessary (would it be really impossible this time?) to lift, thrust, again. The others held up their part of the log with hardly any consciousness of its weight. Sometimes David and App would support it in the loop of one elbow and make a mock pretense of cuffing each others' ears with

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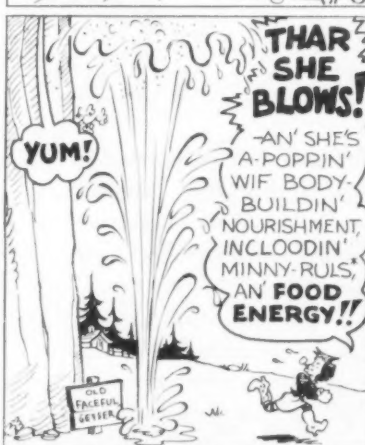
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their free arms. David paid no attention to me at all.

We came to the big hemlock. I looked at it, and before I touched it even, I could feel its stupid sickening weight dragging at my stomach.

"Junk it?" I shouted to Dave.

"No," Dave shouted back, "I think we can handle that one all right, can't we, fuhllas?"

I bent over and put my arms around the butt end. I lifted and lifted, but it didn't budge. The saw was waiting, screaming higher and higher, threatening to shatter itself. I lifted again, until everything went black for an instant before my eyes. I couldn't move it an inch off the ground. I straightened up, for my sight to clear. And then I noticed that the others weren't lifting at all. David was motioning them back with his arm.

It was a kind of joke. They were standing there, sort of nudging each other with their grins.

"What's the matter, Dan?" Joe shouted. "Is she nailed down?"

I couldn't even laugh it off. If you weren't brought up in the country, you can't understand what a peculiar sort of shame there is in not being able to take as heavy a hoist as the next one. It was worse still because Joe had shouted. Everything that happened that day was worse still, because everything that was said had to be shouted above the sound of the saw.

They sprang to help me, and somehow I stumbled back and dropped my end of the stick on the saw table. I glanced at David. He was grinning too. I couldn't understand it.

We had to keep turning that one—the force of the saw would die about halfway through. The second or third block, Stan motioned us to wait until the saw had got up speed again. I let my end of the stick rest on the table and relaxed. I motioned to David to come up front.

"I've got sawdust in my eye," I shouted to him. I thought he'd send me into the house to wash my eyes in the eye-cup. He didn't.

"Let's see," he said. He drew my lower lid down. "There's nothing there. It must be just the sweat."

"Okay, fuhllas," Stan shouted. David bounded back to his place at the pile in an exaggerated comic rush. When he passed App, he pointed to his own eyes and sort of smiled. App caught on—the eye business was just an excuse. I couldn't understand it at all.

It got so I could only keep going by thinking about 6 o'clock. Six o'clock, when this would be over, must come somehow. Nothing could stop it. It got so I turned my face sideways from the others, because it was twitching uncontrollably, like the tic of a smile that has to be held too long; and I knew it was pale as slush, despite the heat. My second strength came and went. I kept my eyes on the belt, willing it to go off the pulleys, as it had other times we'd sawed; but it didn't. It got so I could only keep going by thinking that when I absolutely *couldn't* stand it any longer, I could ask them, myself, to move the machine ahead; saving that, like a weapon.

"Move her ahead," I shouted at last. "Move her ahead," David shouted to Stan, "Move her ahead . . ."

Stan moved to shut off the engine. I took a great deep breath and relaxed.

"No," David shouted, "Don't shut her off . . . unless anyone wants a puff. Anyone tired?" The others shook their heads.

"Will I shut her off?" Stan shouted again.

"No," David shouted. "This stuff's just kindling wood for us fuhllas." He rushed front, worked the stake free in a flash, lifted the tongue of the wagon the

machine was resting on, as if it were a match stick.

It wasn't a minute before the wagon was pushed ahead into place, with the saw still running. It wasn't two minutes before the wheels were chocked, the stake driven again, and we back in place for the next cut. My last weapon was gone.

It got so the pile was a looming, leaden, inimical mound of all the weight in the world. It got so the weight of the logs was there all the time in the pit of my stomach, whether I was lifting or not. My temples drew and beat.

Finally it got so I kept lifting at the log on the table, whether the saw was in cut or not, because I couldn't let go. It got so I was suspended somewhere by my arms, with the weight of my body intolerable, but unable to touch the ground with my feet. It got so my body was full of ashes. It got so my will began to tremble as uncontrollably as my arms. It got so I couldn't lift a straw. I motioned for David to come.

"I can't—" I said. He did something then I wouldn't have believed. He turned and shouted to the others, "Dan's all in, fuhllas. We can finish that little bit all right alone, can't we? All right, Dan, you go in the house."

He needn't have shouted it out like that. He could have sent me to water the calves, or to put hay in to the cow that had been kept in the barn because this was her day.

I held my head down as I took off my leather gloves and walked to the house. But I could see the others out of the corner of my eye. Stan and Rich glanced after me, knowingly, though they hadn't caught what David said; but without much curiosity or concern. I saw David and Joe making a comic battle for each others' caps, even as they held the log. I remembered the night David had taken me on his shoulders when I stumbled on the path from camp and carried me all the rest of the way home; pretending not only to the other kids but to me too that he thought I'd broken a bone in my ankle. So that even with him I needn't have the shame of tiring before the rest. I thought, I understood now. How he must hate me now—

WE DIDN'T make much talk with the others at supper. It was on the way down from the barn, with the milk pails in our hands, that he said to me, "Did you make up your mind to live with Perry and Steve next year, Dan?"

"No!" I said, as automatically as if a trigger had been pressed—before I stopped to think that this was the first time David had mentioned them. "Those—?"

"You crazy old—" He called me a name as old and earthy as the land he hoed. That's what he always called me when it was a hundred per cent perfect between us.

I didn't speak, because tired as I was and so suddenly happy, I couldn't trust my voice. I understood then what had happened this afternoon: If we else could he square it between him and me, between me and my conscience, than by doing something as mean to me as I had done to him? How else, since it couldn't be mentioned with words, could he show me that he'd known all the time the falseness of what I'd done, the burden of it afterward—how else, than by doing something as unmentionable to me today and letting me see, by his face now, the falseness and the burden of that?

Did I say it was David who was the clumsy one with anything that couldn't be held in his hands? ★



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Why Half Our High School Students Quit

Continued from page 7

average intelligence drop out before graduation. High schools lose about 8,500 of these superior students every year. Says research director McColl: "These are not merely capable of graduating—they are potential doctors and teachers whom Canada's understaffed medical and teaching professions will never see." Their most frequent reason for quitting school: lack of interest.

How about those of average intelligence? Around 55% of these drop out, or 58,000 every year. Again these are students capable of graduating.

Ten per cent more boys than girls drop out. The extra 10% all drop out because of dissatisfaction with the school and its courses. "It looks," says McColl, "as if our high-school courses are better suited to girls than boys."

The committee points out in its report that high-school students of many larger centres, particularly in British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario, can choose more practical courses such as commerce, home economics or shop work if they wish. But there is no such choice for the majority of secondary-school students in small towns where the traditional academic course—including stiff doses of Vergil, Shakespeare and algebra—is the staple diet. Students can take it or leave it. Close to 60% leave it.

F. K. Stewart says: "High-school curricula were designed originally to give the groundwork in academic subjects students would need on entering universities. Forty years ago practically every student who entered high school intended going on to a university; today fewer than 10% have any intention of continuing in university. Yet most high schools still stick to the old university-preparation course."

For the 10% who are eyeing the universities the "academic" high schools are just what the doctor ordered. For the other 90%...? One drop-out answers: "Will knowing how to conjugate the Latin verb *facio* make me a better salesman or mechanic, or help me decide how to vote on an election day?"

What Is "Practical?"

In spite of the fact that job opportunities are more numerous in cities the drop-out rate in cities is lower than in rural schools. Advocates of reform say this is because city schools provide opportunities for more practical studies.

"The time has come," says the committee, "when the call for more practical subjects has reached the irresistible stage."

What do they mean by "practical education?"

Committee chairman Hugh Crombie (vice-president of a large engineering firm) says, "Practical education does not mean technical education to the exclusion of all general or cultural education. What the committee has in mind is a program of general education which covers the cultural side and also deals more fully with practical problems of life in Canada today."

A. G. McColl adds, "The academic course shaped around university-entrance requirements is too far removed from real life for the average student. In school the student studies one or two languages, some pretty abstract geometry and algebra, a great deal of history that seems to have little connection with what is going on in the world today and a literature course that also seems to stress the past and ignore the

present. But when he gets home after school the problems of life he hears his parents discussing centre around such things as mortgages, insurance, political parties, his dad's labor-union negotiations, foreign trade and the cost of living.

"His school is teaching him practically nothing of these things."

One critic says that the average parent-to-be after 12 years of Canadian schooling knows more about house-breaking a puppy than doing the same chore for a baby.

Dr. Charles E. Phillips believes students should have a greater say in selection of their own studies. "The high school should give attention to the ordinary problems of life—how to behave in relations with other people, what is involved in marriage and in buying and running a home, what is the meaning of the endless contention between labor and employers.

Many Teachers Favor Change

"Perhaps our most serious fault," Phillips adds, "has been our failure to consult young people themselves. If we want young people to have an interest in school work we had better give them some say about it. If the school must be a prison in which all the inmates are forced to do only what others prescribe can you blame a large proportion for trying to escape?"

Such an alteration of the curriculum would place a heavy responsibility on teachers trained only to teach traditional academic subjects. Yet many teachers favor such a change. A year ago Ontario high-school teachers meeting in Toronto agreed the current curriculum wasn't meeting present-day needs. Some opinions:

J. S. Calvert, Sault Ste. Marie: "Because of the importance of science in our modern civilization a complete revision is required. It should be brought up-to-date to include such things as atomic energy, electronics and soil conservation. All our science textbooks are out-of-date, uninteresting and inadequate."

Ian Ferguson, Owen Sound: "Our present method of teaching French doesn't teach the students to speak the language. If we are going to continue teaching French the oral method should be used. We should cut down on the French grammar and use records and French radio programs so that the student learns it by ear."

Verna Nichol, Toronto: "The study of home economics is vital to every girl, but only a few schools have rooms equipped to teach it."

The Canadian Youth Commission, an organization comprising leaders in education, business, religion and labor established in 1943, has adhered to the policy in all its recommendations to government and social agencies that the opinions of youth themselves should be given strong consideration in plans for their welfare. So recently the commission asked 1,500 young people just out of school what they thought of the education Canada had dished up for them.

One Nova Scotia boy, 16, expressed a typical view: "I learned more about politics and how to get along in the world by listening at the village grocery store than all the time I spent in school. I think some political training would be more valuable than ancient history or French."

In a report the commission declared: "High schools with which most of us are familiar... cater to that fringe of the student body which excels in academic subjects. Their program, as a result, is bookish and abstract. In so far as it educates the rural youth it educates him away from the land."



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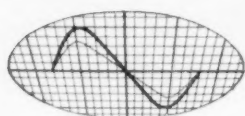
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"General science courses (should be) a practical training for life in a modern home. For example, the diffidence of most girls and women in dealing with home gadgets is notorious, in spite of the fact that the home and its care are their specialty. Opinions... call urgently for the modernization of science courses so that girls may function competently in a modern home, instead of waiting to impose their gadget troubles on a tired husband at the end of the day..."

In a series of lectures last year Dr. J. G. Althouse, chief director of the Ontario Department of Education, pointed out that high schools today are for all youth, not for the selected few, and declared, "Secondary schools can no longer confine themselves to the training of selected brains for professional service; they must give all young people something of specific use... When the school so bores its students that they don't want to learn any more, education has not improved them—it has done them irreparable harm."

But the educationists who want high schools to stick to the old classical-mathematics regime have a powerful argument. Most practical-education subjects cost a heap more money. This is one reason why most practical-education teaching is centred in cities and bigger towns, while smaller schools stick largely to the academic approach. Many of the smaller schools can't afford anything else.

The advocates of practical courses claim they have found a way to beat this problem—the larger unit, or consolidated school. By combining school sections, closing smaller schools and pooling funds for equipping one central large school, hundreds of rural areas are today starting to provide students with advantages previously possible only in better-heeled urban areas. Pupils are transported to the central school by bus. Most of these schools provide home economics courses for girls and various forms of vocational training for boys, geared to the needs of industry in their own particular area. Increased funds have made it possible for many of them to obtain qualified teachers, and land and equipment for courses in practical agriculture.

Psychology at Orangeville

There are other moves in the direction of practical education. Ontario, under its new secondary-school policy announced last year, is encouraging municipalities to work out curricula closer to the life of each community. The tobacco-growing districts of Southwestern Ontario will be permitted to include training which covers the specialized agriculture of their areas. Schools in the mining areas of Northern Ontario will teach more geology. There will be less emphasis on purely academic subjects, more attention to contemporary problems (one of the noteworthy ones being conservation of wild life and forests).

Ten years ago Chilliwack, B.C., decided its high school was educating students only for the universities and professions, which would require them to leave home. The nine out of 10 students who would remain in Chilliwack as farmers, small businessmen and home-makers were getting little out of their own school. Large numbers were quitting before graduation. So the school bought a 22-acre farm for agricultural training and gradually added courses in business and industrial trades which would fit students for jobs available in its own area. Chilliwack now has one of the lowest drop-out rates.

At Orangeville, Ont., senior high-

school girls conduct lessons in the kindergarten class under the supervision of trained kindergarten teachers. By this means they learn something of child psychology, and become experienced in the handling of small children.

The drop-out survey of the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education is proof, its supporters say, that the trend toward practical education must go much farther before Canada's secondary-education system can be regarded as an education for all.

In the cold war's other camp, however, leading educationists are claiming that education has become too practical already.

Says Dr. Robert C. Wallace, principal of Queen's University: "The present utilitarian emphasis may drown out the appreciation of the finer values of life which came from the older classical education. The classical-mathematics regime was severely disciplinary. It sharpened the mind and gave a fine sense of the meaning of words. It cultivated the aesthetic feeling. The assumption was that if the mind was well trained it would be capable of meeting any kind of situation that would later arise."

For Posterity Fine Plumbing

"Today... young people go out from collegiate institutes with a better sense of contemporary issues than they did under the classical-mathematical disciplines... but their minds are not well disciplined. They are not capable—generally speaking—of original thinking. They take their opinions from their favorite newspaper, are swayed by catchwords. There is a lack of stability, for the foundations are not down to rock."

"We cannot afford to sacrifice the high qualities of mind for any social aim, however admirable. The subjects which stretch the mind must not go into discard. If they do we shall become—indeed, we are already—a nation of readers of snippets and predigested morsels. We shall be vulnerable to all the catchwords devised to sway the unthinking multitude."

Dr. Alexander B. Currie, associate professor of education, McGill University, adds: "An education which uses the six or more years of high school to train mainly 'marketable talents' leaves unfruitful many of the most valuable of human powers."

Dr. W. G. Hardy, head of the department of classics, University of Alberta: "Our high schools are producing an undereducated and overopinionated mass of people. Less and less now is taught about more and more. Most vocational-training courses are hobby courses, not education. The Romans were enthusiastic about vocational education, yet Greece is remembered for its brains and Rome for its drains. At the rate we are going, North America will be remembered merely for its plumbing."

And that's the lineup in the battle of the high schools. ★

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The Mechanized Missionary of Northwest River

Continued from page 19

to the tracks, doing everything but fling themselves under the threads to give traction. The cab is heated and supplied with emergency rations, so being stuck out there all night would not have been much hardship—but by morning the snowmobile could have been frozen solidly into a new ice layer two feet thick. Thanks to the fact that two of the rescue crew knew what they were doing the mired vehicle finally came unstuck with a scrambling, lurching lunge that headed it straight back toward Northwest River.

Just as the settlement came in sight so did the RCAF's yellow Norseman—taking off from the bay ice after finding its passenger already gone. Its skis almost raked the roof of the racing snowboat without anyone aloft even spotting it or the imperiously waving figure in the hatch. However, it came back next morning to complete its mission.

Ptarmigan in a Pressure Cooker

So my visit lasted five days instead of two and gave me a better chance to pry below the overlay of modern conveniences which life in deepest Labrador has acquired since the war and the building of "the base." Thus, although the Burrys enjoy a modernly equipped home today, during their first years at Northwest River they made do in an old log house used years before by a Hudson's Bay factor.

That was after they first sailed up the bay in 1931, emissaries of what was then the Methodist Church of Newfoundland, and not until their handsome church had been completed were they able to build a proper parsonage in 1935. Both parsonage and church lie up a gentle ridge beyond the 18-bed Grenfell hospital, the Hudson's Bay store and government school, which are the settlement's largest buildings. Most of the homes are hidden away among the scrub spruce along the shore.

Again, although the parsonage kitchen now boasts a pressure cooker it is the large preserving size, and a great help to Marie Burry in putting up the quarts and quarts of salmon, venison, duck and ptarmigan she must can each year, along with cabbage and beets from her own garden, wild raspberries and a delicious local cranberry called redberry. And she still has to plan her meals a year ahead, placing a \$300 to \$400 order for basic foodstuffs with St. John's firms each summer to be sent in on the coastal steamer Kyle's last trip in late October.

Today mail comes by air to Goose Bay three times a week in such quantities that the dogteam carrier to Northwest River can't keep up with it; and since confederation the post office in the Hudson's Bay store hands out mail-order parcels from rival Canadian firms in tight-lipped silence. While this is fine for the wives around the bay who collect the parcels at the post office it doesn't compensate for the fact that their men must still be away three or four months each fall and winter on traplines which are as much as 200 miles up country. But the factory-model radio transmitter which Lester Burry bought as a war-surplus bargain from the Americans at Goose Bay (replacing his homemade set) gives him a stronger weapon with which to fight this kind of isolation.

It used to be that after a trapper

vanished up the Hamilton River, the Red Wine or the Naskaupie in the fall his only contact with another human would be an occasional note left by a neighbor where one trapline edges another. A man's trapline may run "seven tilts and on apiece," a tilt being a small overnight cabin and the cabins spaced as many traps apart as a man can cover in a day. In the best fur country a seven or eight-tilt trapline might have 300 traps at a maximum.

But thanks to the missionary's self-taught radio lore, a half-dozen Burry-built portable receivers go into the bush with the trappers and are spotted in "main tilts" throughout the fur country at places where several of the men can gather on a Sunday evening to hear the services broadcast from the little church at Northwest River.

On Tuesday nights when the Women's Association meets in Mrs. Burry's parlor her husband lets wives and sweethearts talk to their menfolk. The women always make Burry get out of his den studio while they talk (though half of Labrador will be listening) so the parson is reduced to keyhole peeping at his dials to make sure his station is still on the air.

One winter night Burry broadcast a message for trapper Juddy Blake that his youngest child was seriously ill in Goose Bay hospital. Juddy heard the news, left his tilt at sunup and snowshoed for 18 hours to reach the air base. The youngster died just before he arrived but Juddy was there to comfort his wife and take her home.

Last winter Burry's most faithful listener was a young American, Hank Shouse, at a weather post at Resolute Bay far north of the Arctic Circle. While at Goose during the war Hank had met and married Bella McLean, of Northwest River, but couldn't take her to Resolute when he was posted there. Hank never fails to listen when VO6B is on the air, for Bella often drops in at the minister's home to chat with her hubby across the long Arctic night.

The 115-odd families of the big bay are mostly United Church adherents, because it was the Methodist Church which first sent missionaries among them. The Indians are probably Labrador's only Roman Catholics and they come out of the bush every summer to Northwest River to meet a priest who arrives from outside for a brief visit.

What's Winter Without a Wife?

One year when the father failed to appear two young Naskaupie bloods, appalled at the prospect of another wifeless winter, persuaded the Protestant parson to marry them in the United Church. But they had the deed done all over again when the priest arrived the following summer, just to keep the record straight.

The Atlantic fishermen are chiefly Moravian or Anglican, and Lester Burry makes his twice-annual 700-mile jaunt to the coast country to pay pastoral calls on some 40 United Church families. The winter trip is too chancey for the snowmobile in case of a major breakdown. The only garage mechanics in all Labrador are those in the transport section at Goose Bay, who obligingly service the missionary's machine but don't operate a tow truck. Thus Burry makes his peace with the sled dogs each March, hiring a good team for the trek.

He and his driver bed down on the floor of whatever home they happen to be visiting when evening comes. Prying himself off the floor of a 12-by-15-foot cabin one morning Burry wasn't too surprised to find he'd shared it with 14 other humans of assorted



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OLD TIES LOOK NEW!

This Amazing Easy Way!



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Costs No More than Ordinary Dry Cleaning!

Thousands are switching everyday to the miracle dry cleaning that gets out all the dirt—SANITONE. Even the stubborn, ugly grime old-fashioned cleaning leaves behind vanishes. No trace of cleaning odors . . . even perspiration gone. Beautiful press lasts longer. Look up your Sanitone man in your classified phone book.

THIS SANITONE SIGN IS YOUR
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Division of EMERY INDUSTRIES, INC.,
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

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At every place the Tidings stops the rattle of her anchor chain signals an onslaught of violent, winter-pent sociability. People swarm aboard to greet and laugh and gossip and patiently await an invitation to try and find a warm sweater for the 14-year-old who'll be off cod-fishing with the men this year, or a bonnet for the new baby. Then Lester Burry goes ashore for a visit in each home, followed by a church service in the evening.

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In medical literature a case is reported of a boy forced by mischievous companions to inhale skunk musk from a vial. He fainted immediately. His pulse and temperature dropped and a doctor had to work over him for an hour before he regained consciousness. Before the days of modern drugs some doctors recommended that asthmatics inhale skunk musk to ease breathing. One asthmatic pastor uncorked his bottle in his pulpit, had to finish his sermon the next week because his congregation staggered out en masse to fresh air.

The skunk fires only two or three drops in a barrage but it is so potent and vaporizes into so fine a spray that half a mile downwind it still packs a wallop like a broken sewer main.

But don't let it worry you. The stuff smells horrible even to a skunk. He likes his fresh air, too, and he won't go

fouling up the atmosphere unless it's a matter of life or death. And when he does the skunk is a creature of honor. He gives plenty of warning.

When the skunk sees you he will probably amble off, intending to mind his business if you mind yours. If you approach too closely he will face you and stamp angrily with his front feet—warning No. 1. If you're smart you will go for a walk in the opposite direction about now. If you are still spoiling for a fight the skunk will lift his tail straight into the air but the big plumelike tip will remain drooping downward—warning No. 2. Take another step forward and the tip of the tail also stiffens skyward—warning No. 3.

The decks are clear for action now. His gun is cocked, merely waiting for a touch on the trigger. With his head still facing you he will snap his body

around into a U until the rear deck face you too, and then—brother you've had it.

Don't say he didn't warn you. And don't call him a stinker, either, because although you will stink plenty he will keep all parts of his anatomy out of range and will swagger off as clean and fresh as a May dawn. A skunk never smells skunky. You could have one living under your doorsteps for months and never know it.

Most animals, man included, if they possessed a weapon as feared as the skunk's, would become arrogant bullies. But he has no chip on his shoulder. A smooth-tempered inoffensive chap, he takes a lot of abuse before he gets riled.

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This year, I swear, I won't
return

Exhausted, limp and draggy,
Nor with an incandescent
burn,

Nor eyes half-closed and
baggy.

I'm smarter now. I've found
a way.

I've made my reservation.

I'm going to take a holiday,

Right after my vacation!

—P. J. Blackwell.



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The outstanding thing you must understand about the skunk is that he's not very bright. Never expect him to do the intelligent thing. He has never had to use his wits so any intelligence he once possessed has disappeared long ago.

But he has a charming personality; raise one as a pet and you'll fall in love with him. They are cleaner around the house than most dogs or cats, quickly learn to use a sand box, and remain as affectionate and playful as kittens throughout life. Until the baby learns to eat table scraps you will have to feed it with a doll's bottle and nipple. Best formula: goat's milk with a dash of corn syrup.

Neighbors might object, but tell them to treat your pet skunk like a gentleman when he goes strolling and he'll always be a gentleman. If they get nasty remind them that there's no law which says you can't keep a skunk if you feel like it.

Mostly Too Dumb for Chicken

Don't play a dirty trick on your pet and have a vet remove his musk glands. It can be done in a simple operation, but the most interesting skunk is a whole skunk. Remember, that stink gun is his only protection, for he lacks brains and brawn. Without it he's at the mercy of every hair-brained pooch on the street. Leave his gun intact and he might shoot up one or two dogs in his lifetime, but that's all the neighborhood canine will need.

Skunks are hard-working allies of the farmer and sportsman. Grubs and bugs are the only creatures that can't outrun them so 98% of their diet is composed of insects. They knock off hordes of cutworms, potato beetles, army worms and their crawling brethren. They also grab the odd mouse, turtle egg, and an occasional individual will learn to steal baby chicks. Most of them, however, are too dumb to recognize chicks as a meal.

I knew a farmer who kept his henhouse door open every night for two years while a skunk family lived under the floor. He never lost an egg or chick. "I often met a skunk in the henhouse," he said. "All I had to do was step back from the door and let him walk out." One day a new hired man shot one of the skunks, the other skunks left. That henhouse has been overrun with mice and rats ever since.

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killer \$5 for every one killed after a November-to-March open season.

What are you to do if you find a skunk sitting on your front doorstep some night? Don't throw rocks at him, don't wave your arms and yell, don't shoot him, and above all don't whistle up a dog. If you do anything like that the skunk will let her go with both barrels. Just stand back, talk to him gently and the skunk will probably amble off.

If you are camping and a skunk wanders into your tent don't make any quick movements. Talk softly to let him know you are there. He will grunt an apology and leave.

Better Put on That Old Suit

If a skunk gets into your basement or a cellar window well and can't get out you've got a bit of a problem. Fix up a board with cleats, bait it with scraps of meat and approach slowly. In a gentle voice keep telling the skunk what a swell guy he is. If his tail jerks up, stop dead, keep talking softly and don't move until his tail goes down again. Skunks are dumb, but they recognize kindness. Lean the board up to a window so that it forms a ramp on which the skunk can walk out. Then retreat slowly.

Or you can do the trick by cutting a six-inch hole in a box and manoeuvring it toward him. Skunks are always ready to pop into a dark hole when there's trouble in the air. When he pops in you pop a lid over the hole. P. S. Carry him away gently.

Don't grab him by the tail because someone once told you a skunk cannot shoot if his feet are off the ground. Some cannot fire from this position, but others definitely can. If you have to carry him away bodily, hold him belly up, one hand grasping the head, the other the base of the tail. Watch his teeth, they're sharp. He won't fire as long as you hold him upside down and keep his tail held tightly in, but no one yet has figured out what to do when the time comes to let him go. Better not try it in your best suit.

If the worst happens, several washings with gasoline or benzine will remove most of the stench from clothing. Soap and water are useless. As for your own skin, a rubdown with oil of citronella and oil of bergamot, equal parts, will help but only time will do a thorough job. If your dog is skunked, tomato juice dried into the fur and brushed out is the best treatment.

If a skunk sets up housekeeping under your veranda or garage leave him alone and he will leave you alone. Trying to get rid of him will only make him mad, and a mad skunk is a scandalously unbecoming tenant. Just ask the school board near Glencoe, Ont., who last year decided to evict a skunk family from beneath the school. They evicted the skunks all right, but the school was closed for a week.

You can't win. Shoot him, club him, poison him—it doesn't matter; death will only relax his trigger muscles and he'll die with both barrels blasting. So it's better to let him live.

Mrs. J. W. Grigg, of Little Britain, Ont., has the best deskunking system I've heard of. One morning she found a skunk in the back of her living room radio. She got her husband's gun—but how could she shoot the skunk without wrecking the radio? She sat down to think things over, came up with an idea that entitles her to place in skunkland's hall of fame.

She obtained chloroform from a doctor, soaked a rag with it, tossed the rag into the radio. When the skunk passed out she carried it outside. The skunk revived, walked away. Everyone, even the skunk, was happy. ★

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killer \$5 for every one killed after a November-to-March open season.

What are you to do if you find a skunk sitting on your front doorstep some night? Don't throw rocks at him, don't wave your arms and yell, don't shoot him, and above all don't whistle up a dog. If you do anything like that the skunk will let her go with both barrels. Just stand back, talk to him gently and the skunk will probably amble off.

If you are camping and a skunk wanders into your tent don't make any quick movements. Talk softly to let him know you are there. He will grunt an apology and leave.

Better Put on That Old Suit

If a skunk gets into your basement or a cellar window well and can't get out you've got a bit of a problem. Fix up a board with cleats, bait it with scraps of meat and approach slowly. In a gentle voice keep telling the skunk what a swell guy he is. If his tail jerks up, stop dead, keep talking softly and don't move until his tail goes down again. Skunks are dumb, but they recognize kindness. Lean the board up to a window so that it forms a ramp on which the skunk can walk out. Then retreat slowly.

Or you can do the trick by cutting a six-inch hole in a box and manoeuvring it toward him. Skunks are always ready to pop into a dark hole when there's trouble in the air. When he pops in you pop a lid over the hole. P. S. Carry him away gently.

Don't grab him by the tail because someone once told you a skunk cannot shoot if his feet are off the ground. Some cannot fire from this position, but others definitely can. If you have to carry him away bodily, hold him belly up, one hand grasping the head, the other the base of the tail. Watch his teeth, they're sharp. He won't fire as long as you hold him upside down and keep his tail held tightly in, but no one yet has figured out what to do when the time comes to let him go. Better not try it in your best suit.

If the worst happens, several washings with gasoline or benzine will remove most of the stench from clothing. Soap and water are useless. As for your own skin, a rubdown with oil of citronella and oil of bergamot, equal parts, will help but only time will do a thorough job. If your dog is skunked, tomato juice dried into the fur and brushed out is the best treatment.

If a skunk sets up housekeeping under your veranda or garage leave him alone and he will leave you alone. Trying to get rid of him will only make him mad, and a mad skunk is a scandalously unbecoming tenant. Just ask the school board near Glencoe, Ont., who last year decided to evict a skunk family from beneath the school. They evicted the skunks all right, but the school was closed for a week.

You can't win. Shoot him, club him, poison him—it doesn't matter; death will only relax his trigger muscles and he'll die with both barrels blasting. So it's better to let him live.

Mrs. J. W. Grigg, of Little Britain, Ont., has the best deskunking system I've heard of. One morning she found a skunk in the back of her living room radio. She got her husband's gun—but how could she shoot the skunk without wrecking the radio? She sat down to think things over, came up with an idea that entitles her to place in skunkland's hall of fame.

She obtained chloroform from a doctor, soaked a rag with it, tossed the rag into the radio. When the skunk passed out she carried it outside. The skunk revived, walked away. Everyone, even the skunk, was happy. ★

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Ellen Goes to Ottawa

Continued from page 14

with all the proceedings. Of course, if anything particularly in my line comes up, I'll speak."

"Does it bother you to speak impromptu?"

"Not any more. I think I got over that the day I was asked to substitute for the mayor of Hamilton at a luncheon and got there to find he was also supposed to have been the guest speaker. It was awfully lucky that the budget was just about coming up in the council; I knew that subject backward and forward, so that saved me."

She had come to Montreal to attend the 50th annual meeting of the IODE. Her entrance into the convention lounges at the Mount Royal Hotel was a signal for many greetings. Obviously she was well known. Obviously, also, her long-time lodge sisters were not going to make more of a fuss about her because of her new status. And no less either. The IODE has been a close part of Ellen Fairclough's life since she left school.

Before the morning session was over we went out into the warm sunshine again. She looked crisp, yet unbusiness-like, striding along Sherbrooke Street, the wind drifting lilac scent from gardens on The Mountain, wearing a red suit, red shoes, and a grey hat with a gallant red feather. Her portfolio-size handbag, which was made to order and was a present from her husband, swung from her shoulder.

"It'll be my husband's birthday by the end of the week," she said. "I saw some sport shirts down the street."

In a men's shop near Dominion Square she picked out a tan and a green-grey sport shirt and rather gay ties to match. "He likes to wear this sort of thing at home, now that the weather's warm," Mrs. Fairclough said. "He was my first beau. We met at a church society when I was about 16. I think we went together for about 10 years before we got married, so that he was almost part of the family long before the event. When I had to work late he'd take my sister Mary to a movie or a dance."

She called the clerk and changed the ties to a slightly more conservative coloring and had the purchases mailed to her Hamilton office.

A Sister Plays the Organ

After lunch at the Mount Royal, Mrs. F. P. McCurdy, national president of the IODE, begged Mrs. Fairclough to make a quick trip to the convention hall in spite of the fact that her Ottawa train was leaving soon, to be introduced to the other delegates.

The ballroom was packed now as the members gathered to hear the new M.P. With the ease of an old campaigner Ellen Fairclough organized the words of her impromptu speech like a regiment of soldiers, and marched them out steadily, ending with "... with conscientious work and the help of your prayers I shall try to serve the women of this country to the best of my ability." Applause.

For the train she changed into a tan suit and hat. There was a private car tagged on to the Montreal-Ottawa train for the Governor-General and Lady Alexander who were returning from inspecting Rimouski fire damage.

Mrs. Fairclough and I had seats in a chair car, and, as the verdant countryside slipped by, she talked about her son, Howard.

"I think it's a very strange thing in our schools that sports get all the praise and the arts none," she said. "The school hero is the one who can throw

the ball the farthest, not the one who plays a Beethoven sonata the best. Yet, quite possibly, it's those latter boys who'll be the famous alumni in years to come." Howard Fairclough, a student at Westdale High, has won the Junior League Musical Scholarship for Ontario and is now studying the organ.

"I think he got his musical gifts from my side of the family. All of us have always sung in church choirs and my sister plays the organ in the United Church."

At this point pretty Libby Lawrence, lady-in-waiting to Lady Alexander, came along with an invitation to us from their Excellencies to have tea in their car.

For the first time I saw Ellen Fairclough somewhat nonplussed. "What'll I do now?" she demanded, "I'm allergic to tea!"

The private car is a pale-green light-rose room with chintz-covered chairs, a desk, magazine racks, and a tea table over which Lady Alexander presided.

"I'll have water," said Mrs. Fairclough, M.P.

"Anything in it?" Lord Alexander asked. "That seems awfully dispirited."

Mrs. Fairclough said no.

"I left school when I was 16," she told their Excellencies, "but I couldn't get a job anywhere until I lied about my age and said I was 18. Now I don't know how old I am without counting on my fingers." (She was born in Hamilton in 1905.)

At the Ottawa station their Excellencies waved a friendly hand of farewell.

There was no one at the station to meet her. Mrs. Fairclough had made her own hotel reservation. There was no message of welcome or greeting for her at the desk.

She went up to her room saying, "Casselman, the party whip, told me not to make any appointments until I'd heard from him. I'll have to wait until he calls me."

Her room, her new Ottawa home, was on the second floor, in the short end of the U of the hotel, looking out over the roofs of the main floor toward the tree tops of the Canal Park, but mainly showing only rows of windows of the wings. She did not intend searching for an apartment. "With the hours I must keep, without a housekeeper, it would be entirely too much bother," she explained. Then she added, "For a single member I think it costs less here. And if I have any time I can catch up on my reading—historical novels and biography and whodunits on trains—and I can knit socks for Howard when I'm reading."

Over dinner in the Chateau grill the Finnish Minister to Canada, Urho Tuovola, came to give her the courtly bow of a diplomat and remark, "This then is the end of your private life, Madame Fairclough?"

Said Ellen, "Want to bet?"

That night, on the eve of her entry to the House of Commons, Arza

Clair Casselman, K.C., M.P. for Grenville-Dundas, a Conservative whip since 1936, and the Hon. Earl Rowe, M.P. for Dufferin-Simcoe, Casselman's father-in-law and one of the top Conservatives, came to bid her welcome. They told her they'd found her a better seat than is usually afforded new members; instead of the back row she would have a desk in the second row, gallantly vacated for her by Frank Lennard, M.P. for Wentworth. Lennard would take a back seat. Also, by virtue of being a woman, she would get an office to herself in the crowded Parliament Buildings.

I had breakfast in the Chateau cafeteria with the Faircloughs the next morning, husband Gordon, a stocky quiet man, and son, Howard, a slim dark boy.

Howard was excited, Gordon jovial but calm, Ellen quite normal in a dark dress with a jacket top, a perky hat.

"I wouldn't be here today," Ellen Fairclough said, "if it wasn't for Gordon and Howard. They've helped me with all my campaigns. If they weren't interested and pleased about everything I do I don't suppose I'd keep on doing these things."

"We knew mother would win," Howard said. "All my friends were working for her."

The signing-in ceremony, demanded of each new M.P., was to be at 11 a.m. The Faircloughs read hometown papers in the unmade hotel room, waiting for Casselman to phone.

No Hats in the House

I suggested they might prefer to be alone to discuss their family problems. "There aren't any," Ellen laughed. "I have a good housekeeper, and Gordon and Howard are quite accustomed to looking after themselves. Also, I'll be seeing them every week end. Hamilton isn't so far."

Howard, the only excited Fairclough, twisted his fingers and said he wished there were a piano. There was, in a long barren ballroom, down the hall. Light slanted in streaks through the one uncurtained window. The fake rococo gilt seemed smokily gold, tablecloths left crumpled upon bare board tables were like miniature mountains. Ellen sat in a straight-backed chair and listened to her son play through boogie-woogie, the fast-fingered "Fire Dance," to singing sonatas of gentle melodies.

And then the chimes from the tower on Parliament Hill. "We must go," Ellen Fairclough said in her crisp way, and got up while Howard was still playing.

Casselman telephoned. The signing-in would be at 2 p.m. instead of 11. After lunch a couple of photographers turned up. In the buildings there were more of them. George Hees, of Toronto, who had just won another bye-election for the Tories, his wife and daughter, joined George Drew and the Faircloughs.

In the oak-paneled Speaker's office

NEXT ISSUE

The Subway Nobody Wanted

By Frank Hamilton

The Press called it impractical. Merchants shouted it would ruin business. One city father complained because it wasn't atom bombproof. But in spite of all obstacles Canada's first subway will be operating in Toronto by the autumn of 1953.

AUGUST 15 ISSUE

ON SALE AUGUST 11

the two new M.P.'s gave their oath, signed the illuminated book that had been signed by all the members of the Canadian House of Commons. Then the photographers came in again.

Casselman hurried the party to the green chamber. "It's nearly 3. Come here, Ellen, and I'll show you what you must do."

In the empty House of Commons she walked between the leader of her party and her friend, Frank Lennard, toward the Speaker's dais.

"Hey," Casselman said, "you must remember to take your hat off."

"In the House!" Ellen said. In the visitors' galleries women are requested to keep their heads covered.

"It's your privilege as a member," the whip advised her.

"Now," said Drew, "after I've introduced you the Speaker will say, 'Let the honorable member take her seat,' and you'll go up this aisle, and all the way back and over to here."

"We must clear out, it's nearly 3 p.m.," Casselman said.

Thus half an hour later, with the House in session, I saw Ellen Fairclough enter again, holding lightly to the arms of George Drew and Frank Lennard. The Leader of the Opposition addressed the Speaker of the House.

"Mr. Speaker, I have the honor to present to you Ellen Fairclough, member for the electoral district of Hamilton West, who has taken the oath and signed the roll and now claims the right to take her seat."

The spectators in the nearly full galleries leaned forward with curiosity, all but Gordon and Howard Fairclough in the members' gallery. They appeared frozen, but their eyes never left Ellen Fairclough. They watched her go even farther from the familiar things the three of them had known. With slight hesitation she sought and found her seat in the second row of Conservative benches. Gordon's wife, Howard's mother, was now in the Canadian House of Commons.

Several members of her own party slipped for a moment into the empty seat next to her, shook her hand in welcome. A Liberal Party wag, "Kissing George" Cruckshank, M.P. for Fraser Valley, crossed the green-carpeted aisle separating the Government from the Opposition and kissed her soundly on the cheek.

And then, after a decorous moment, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent came across to shake the hand of his newest opponent.

At that moment Ellen Fairclough looked up at the gallery opposite her. Though her smile broke out for her husband and her son she had to dab away a quick tear. A new life had begun.

I thought of that several times during this first exciting day of Ellen Fairclough, M.P. I thought of it as she inspected her new office, an oddly angled little room looking into one of the odd courts of Parliament Buildings. I thought of it again at a party given by George and Fiorenza Drew for the two new M.P.'s, Fairclough and Hees, following the afternoon session. And again at a dinner which followed the party, when an invitation had arrived for next day for Ellen Fairclough, M.P., to take cocktails with the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, and his Begum.

At 11.30 p.m. Mrs. Fairclough saw her husband and son off at the station. A station official said to her, "Would you like to see them to their car?"

Ellen said quickly, "No, no. It wouldn't do any good."

But she stood for quite a long moment watching the sturdy broad back of her husband and the long slim back of her son as they left her. ★



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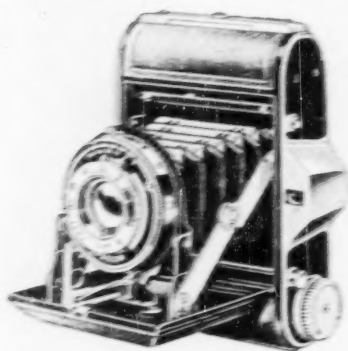


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A Bit of London That Is Broadway

Continued from page 3

over for that first night," Hammerstein said to me yesterday. "But I guess I was frightened to come. You see Drury Lane had always been the home of spectacle and here we were putting on an American show with just a painted backdrop of a field, with the corner of a farmhouse down front. Besides what would the British care about a territory like Oklahoma struggling to become a State?"

Yet that first night was an event which will never leave my memory. We were weary with the aftermath of the war; weary, ill-fed and disillusioned. Life spread before us like the encircling gloom and from across the Channel and the oceans we heard the whisperings that poor old John Bull was finished.

Then like a gale came the impact of "Oklahoma." The young Americans were so fresh, so alive, so irresistible that our pulses beat to a new tempo. Our tired senses responded to the clod-dop music of the horses on the dusty road, to the quickening plains giving birth to a new state, to the simple love story of boy and girl which was the beginning of the world and which will last to the end.

There were unforgettable scenes when the curtain fell. The applause and the cheers went on and on while the bewildered young people on the stage tried to smile while tears were running down their faces. It was a death sentence to the conventional British musical comedy but we did not care. America never sent a better ambassador to England than "Oklahoma."

If ghosts walk, and they must do something to fill in their time, I hope that grandfather Hammerstein was wandering about the Lane that night.

Young Rommel Is For Unity

Now come with me to Lord Beaverbrook's flat in London. He is giving a men's dinner party of 12 or 14 to meet General de Lattre de Tassigny, who is taking over Lord Montgomery's post as head of Western European defense. Fortunately the general speaks English, albeit with reluctance and some odd results. As usual the Beaver has gathered a curious mixture of guests. Here is Percy Cudlipp, editor of the socialist Daily Herald, who is out to destroy capitalism and especially capitalistic millionaires like his host. Here is Robert Cruikshank, editor of the Liberal News Chronicle, which, like Mercutio, calls for a curse on both Liberals and Conservatives.

Heroism was no standardized human shape. That gentle, librarian fellow over there is Brigadier Smyth, who, in 1915, cold-bloodedly won the V.C. by taking on a task in which his chances of survival were not one in 10,000. Next to him with flashing eyes and a gay smile is Douglas Bader. He is a scratch golfer and can hit the ball a mile. Well, is that important? In a way, yes. You see, he has no legs. As a RAF cadet before this last war he crashed and had both legs amputated. He vowed then that he would never use a crutch or a stick.

When the Hitler war came he re-enlisted as a pilot and commanded a fighter squadron until he was shot down over Germany. The Luftwaffe had such respect for him that it arranged for a British plane to have safe escort over Germany to drop a new pair of artificial limbs for Group Captain Bader. His response to this chivalry

was to make a reckless attempt at escape as soon as he had his legs on.

Every week end, whatever the weather, Bader plays four rounds of golf. Up the hills and in deep traps he goes without any assistance except that his golden retriever accompanies him with eyes of soulful adoration as if in its mind the dog knows his master is not as other men. But truly this dark, handsome daredevil does not belong to ordinary life at all. He comes from Dumas and his musketeers.

Next to him sits Canadian-born Max Aitken, son and heir to our host. Handsome, pensive and impatient he tries to harness himself to newspaper life while his soul is still in the air. Fighter pilot and night-fighter pilot he rode the skies during the war as if his plane was a horse and the clouds were his private fields.

The rest of us? Mostly we were politicians. Lower the banners and mute the trumpets.

I am not at liberty to disclose what the general said, for this was a private talk to reveal to us his difficulties, his hopes and his plans as far as he wished to disclose them. But at least I can tell about his talks in Germany with young Rommel whose father commanded the Africa Korps in the Western Desert. Incidentally, the relationship between Rommel and his son was so close that the field-marshal wrote constantly to him, even on the eve of battles.

"This boy," said the general to us, "saw his father taken away from his home by Nazi generals in order to murder him. If anything would make that boy bitter it would be such an experience. Yet today young Rommel says he wants to work for one thing only—the revival of a strong and united Germany."

Again and again the general urged us to consider the aspirations of German youth and to realize that they could not be held down for ever. The task of Western statesmanship will be to guide it rather than to oppose it.

While we were talking 500,000 young Germans in the Soviet Zone were marching up and down with slogans and banners like those that the doomed battalions of Hitler Youth displayed at the mass rallies of Nuremberg. This time it is Stalin and Communism to which they pledge their loyalty and offer their blood. The Germans are still fruitful soil for the propagandist.

"Remember," said the general in his halting English, "that not every Communist is for Russia. Perhaps sometimes it is useful to be Communist for other purposes. Many people in Europe are Communist by . . ." He puckered his brow and searched for the word. "Many people," he repeated, "are Communist . . . by etiquette!" He smiled broadly at having achieved what he felt was the exact word. It certainly was not the word we would have used but it conveyed its own meaning. In many countries men embrace the formula of Communism for their own purposes which do not include the aggrandizement of the Kremlin.

As an epilogue to this gathering at Beaverbrook's I spent the next evening with a man whose name once divided the world of political controversy. His name then was Sir Samuel Hoare and his post was foreign secretary of Great Britain. Now in the twilight of his life he is Viscount Templewood, having gone to the House of Lords, that undiscovered land from whose bourn no traveler returns.

"The biggest headache Stalin has," said the suave Lord Templewood, "is Titoism. Stalin can deal with the anti-Communist, but the anti-Russian Communist is something very hard to handle. I am not at all sure that the

Maclean's Magazine, August 1, 1950

Chinese Communists are in love with Russia. If I am right then Western democracy has a very delicate problem on its hands. Since all Communist parties are committed to the destruction of capitalism, are we to encourage one section because it is anti-Russian? Which is our chief enemy—Russia or Communism?"

Could France Stay Neutral?

This morning The Times published a thoughtful but disturbing editorial. It states that in France there is a growing support for the policy of neutrality. Look at Switzerland which is in the centre of Europe but maintains its neutrality no matter how furiously the nations rage at war. Look at Sweden which has remained aloof from the two world wars.

"Why should we be invaded again," many Frenchmen are asking, "and then be liberated by the atomic bomb?"

They might remember how Belgium and Holland decided to remain neutral in 1939, only to be overrun and put to the sword in 1940. But it shows how complex is the problem that confronts the free people of the world.

For some reason my wife has accepted an invitation to a musical at home given by the Salzburg Society in London. The purpose is to popularize the famous Austrian Festival of Salzburg where operas and orchestras try to revive the golden days of the Hapsburgs.

Perhaps I am growing old, or life is becoming too harsh, but I find the singing of German lieder and the arithmetic of a Bach fugue somewhat beyond my patience. Give me the surging passion of Tristan in the Opera House and I am Wagner's slave, but drawing-room music seems curiously passé.

As a youth in Toronto I loved such affairs and on the slightest provocation contributed items to them. "On Away Awake" was my tour de force, even if the B flat had to be taken by storm. But something has happened to the world since then.

London in June . . . The parks are drenched with sunshine and the people sit and blink their eyes like kittens . . . petrol rationing is off and we can motor to our heart's content . . . Just to help matters the London County Council has torn up the roads in all directions so that traffic is almost at a standstill . . . The appropriately named Burmese Prime Minister, Thakin Nu, comes to the House of Commons to thank us for our latest loan . . . John Strachey, our War Minister, goes bandit hunting in Malaya . . . French horses are winning all the big English races, and American golfers are winning all the British tournaments . . . Public opinion is sharply divided over the Duke of Windsor's memoirs . . . The general election is certain to take place in July or October or November or perhaps next year . . . Winston Churchill wins another horse race . . . Business is booming . . . The telephone goes off ringing, for, as I said at the beginning world and his wife are converging on London and they must hear Churchill speak in Parliament. ★

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The Royal Family of the Seas

Continued from page 5

11 o'clock off in the marine haze there appeared the silhouette of a big two-stacker apparently standing still on the sea. Actually the pilot was bringing the Queen up Ambrose Channel at 10 knots, one third of her trans-Atlantic speed. Her progress was deceptive. There was hardly any bow wave, but in a few minutes the cutter was in shadow under an iron cliff, high on the stern billboards read:

KEEP CLEAR

QUADRUPLE SCREW PROPELLERS

The cutter closed in, matching the Queen's speed, and came alongside an open port where a ginger-bearded Cunard sailor threw out a narrow gangplank. The boarding party raced into C-deck and crowded the elevators up to the garden lounge. While the Press had sandwiches and coffee two Cunard publicity men rounded up celebrities.

The Queen was moving through The Narrows in bright sunlight at 11.40 a.m. when Peggy Cummins, the film actress, appeared in a grey suit, mink stole and blue cloche hat. The photographers raced her out to the promenade and bade her climb a rail.

Inside the reporters were told that half of the 2,941 people aboard had been vaccinated at sea because of a smallpox scare in Glasgow.

While the reporters interviewed a UNESCO official the photographers appeared, stared at the UNESCO man and said loudly, "You want him?" "No, I'm not gonna make him," and "Where's Virginia Mayo?"

A Skyscraper in the Water

The Queen passed the Statue of Liberty and moved into the North River. The photographers jumped and ran like Keystone Cops: Virginia Mayo had materialized in a black jockey cap with her husband, Michael O'Shea. Virginia was carried away in a rush to face two dozen lenses on deck. Now the other celebrities had finished lunch and were arriving in groups: seven British motor manufacturers over for the British auto show, John Cobb, holder of the world's automobile speed record (403 mph), four Indian diplomats and Walter Pidgeon.

The cockney comedian, Tommy Trinder, appeared. The photographers had never heard of the most famous present-day British comic and had to be inveigled on deck to shoot Trinder. Their enthusiasm was restored when Trinder reached through a porthole and fetched out a chef's hat and an apple. The comedian mugged at eating the apple. The television crews finished off Peggy Cummins and set up for Trinder. Tommy told a spiv joke which nobody understood. Virginia Mayo was perched high on the sports deck rail, her pretty face flickering with flashbulb explosions.

The Elizabeth paraded past 42nd Street, higher than the big piers and on speaking acquaintance across Hell's Kitchen with the midtown skyscrapers—the Queen is a skyscraper laid in the water. She is 1,031 feet long and 118½ feet wide.

The docking pilot came aboard and took command from the harbor pilot. Four little red Moran tugs closed in below to follow the new pilot's orders. The Queen shut down her engines as she came abreast of Pier 89 where a big green one-stacker lay, the Cunarder Caronia, which had returned that morning from her 85-day Great African Cruise. The tugs put their rosy snouts

against the great ship and pushed and pulled delicately, turning the Queen broadside in the river at slack tide to berth her in Pier 90.

The Keystone Cops roared downstairs, their camera bags flying. "Virginia's gonna show us her vaccination in her cabin. Don't need any reporters." The reporters looked chafallen. The photographic triumph was empty. Virginia's vaccination was also up too high. She posed examining her husband's arm vaccination.

Hundreds of greeters stood on the pierhead, squinting up at the dots lining the rails. The dots squinted back. The Queen inched into her berth. It was 1.30; she was docked on the minute that had been announced two days before. Baggage conveyors swung into her ports and the baggage rode out. Passengers were still strolling the decks, stopping to watch Virginia Mayo obediently climbing up and down from one perch to another like a circus animal.

The veteran passengers knew that it would take up to six weary hours on the pier before all the baggage was cleared. In fact the customs men were at lunch until 2. As soon as the gangplank was open it was choked with reporters and photographers, debarking to make afternoon paper deadlines, or arriving to chase Virginia. At 1.45 she was still posing. It started to rain. Queen Elizabeth was in.

By 7.30 the last passengers were cleared through customs; they and the 2,000 people on the pier and the 5,000 lined up along Eleventh Avenue to see the ship scattered into the city. The city can absorb this townful of people without noticing them. But the story of the latest arrival of Queen Elizabeth was spreading.

By the time Virginia Mayo and Tommy Trinder settled down in their hotel rooms they could watch themselves arriving on television. The photos were being radioed and mailed and were turning into stereotype mats in the pressrooms of the morning papers. An auto man in Oshawa, Ont., can read tomorrow morning that W. G. Rootes, managing director of Humber Motors, has arrived in New York—in Queen Elizabeth, of course. A child psychologist in Kansas City looks vainly for the news of the arrival of Anna Freud, the distinguished daughter of Dr. Sigmund Freud. Miss Freud also arrived in the Queen, but she traveled tourist class.

A Toast By Longfellow

The Queenships are the culmination of a psychological triumph begun by Sam Cunard himself—Americans think of them as American ships and no Hollywood or industrial notability will travel any other way if he can help it. The Queens are news and people in them are automatically news.

When Sam Cunard, the Halifax businessman who started the line, arrived in Boston in 1840 in his first flagship Britannia on her maiden voyage from Liverpool the publicity uproar got off to a fine start.

Boston gave him 1,800 dinner invitations, the largest silver loving cup ever cast (51 inches high), and a banquet at Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, complete with orations by Daniel Webster and a toast by Professor Henry W. Longfellow: "Steamships! The pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day, that guide the wanderer over the sea."

There are no Cunards now active with the line nor have there been for some years. In effect the family direction ended with the death of Samuel Cunard in 1865. The stock in the company is entirely owned by British

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BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP AT ITS BEST

subjects, including some of Cunard's descendants, under the provisions of an act of parliament passed 45 years ago. But, unlike the Hudson's Bay Co., for instance, no treasury representative sits on the Cunard board; it's a completely private enterprise.

For more than a century Cunard has maintained its sovereignty of the Atlantic, in spite of wave after wave of rivalry from big companies and governments of every maritime nation. During last year Cunard maintained a floating population of 300,000 including passengers and crews. The Queens transported 200,000 people as they ceaselessly weaved their schedules from Cunard's eastern border at Cherbourg to its western boundary at New York. This year, minus the 36-year-old Aquitania which was scrapped after the last tourist season, but strengthened by two additional chartered ships, Cunard will fill up 15 liners in the biggest tourist year in history. Some passengers will cross between Liverpool and Montreal in Ascania for as little as \$140. Prices range up to the \$20,000 Harold S. Vanderbilt paid for a suite on Caronia's Great Africa Cruise.

Sam Cunard's ocean empire is worth \$400 millions by conservative reckoning. Last year's record profit of \$55 millions is certain to be exceeded this season. The takings are mostly in dollars, a major hunk of Britain's dollar income. Since the war's end Cunard has spent \$125 millions reconditioning ships that had been stripped for troops and in launching the giant \$16-million Caronia and the two little one-class sisters, Media and Parthia.

Depression and War Paid Off

Although Cunard's North Atlantic fleet is the largest passenger fleet in existence the company also operates several prosperous ancillary lines to the Mediterranean and Black Sea, the ancient Brocklebank Line to India and the Australian Port Line.

The wartime record of the line proudly centres on the Queenships, which transported 1,500,000 troops, rushing whole divisions at a time to Australia and the Middle East in 1942, to the troop buildup in Britain for the Normandy invasion and then the return home of Canadian and U.S. veterans. Sir Percy Bates, the Cunard board chairman who built them, said, "I like to think the Queens shortened the war by a year."

The war paid for the Queens. Built at low depression costs of \$22 millions each they were completely paid for by 1946. Some marine engineers predict they have 20 years more service in them. The Elizabeth, when fully loaded (2,288 passengers) during the tourist rush season, May through September, takes in nearly \$750,000 in fares each voyage. A Queenship just about grosses her original cost in a busy year. The big luck was to build them during the depression—today it would cost at least \$60 millions to duplicate one of the great vessels.

Sir Percy Bates was a steamship man in the great tradition of Sam Cunard. He became chairman of the board in 1930 in the depression crisis. The line was losing millions; wages had been cut and one third of the employees were laid off. So optimist Bates went before the amazed Cunard stockholders with the plans of No. 534, calling for the largest and fastest ship ever built. The company did not have anything near the \$22 millions she was to cost at John Brown's yard on the Clydebank. The combined resources of the British marine insurance business could cover only half her risk. There was no drydock large enough to take her up for overhaul. There was

no pier in New York, Cherbourg or Southampton large enough to berth her. Passenger business was so bad that luxury expresses made four-day Caribbean cruises during the turnaround periods in New York at \$50 fares. Finally, Bates was violating Sam Cunard's precious operating maxim of launching never less than two sister ships at once to maintain express schedules.

But it happened. Cunard negotiated a British government loan for construction and an act of parliament provided the insurance. John Brown started building an 81,235-ton ship of 160,000 horsepower. (In 1838 Sam Cunard had written shipbuilder David Napier, "Dear Sir: I shall require one or two steamships of 300 horsepower and about 800 tons.") The Southern Railway spent \$12 millions to build the required drydock at Southampton. New York City built the huge Municipal Pier 90.

The depression forced Brown's yard to abandon construction for 30 months, during which time Normandie was launched as the empress of the Atlantic. Construction was resumed on No. 534 when an act of parliament brought about the merger of the Cunard and White Star Lines and provided a loan to complete the ship. She was launched as Queen Mary in 1934 and followed by her sister ship, Queen Elizabeth, in 1940. The "Liz," as she was known to Canadian servicemen, made her maiden voyage to New York secretly in war paint and did not make her official passenger debut until 1946.

The morning Queen Elizabeth sailed from Southampton Sir Percy Bates died in his office in Liverpool. He had won his magnificent gamble. Submarines and fire had practically swept the board of his rivals of 1930. The war paid for the Queens and they were about to fatten on the biggest travel boom in history.

The Queens do not have the characteristic Cunard "ia" suffix on their names, such as other Cunarders carry: Caronia, Mauretania, Media, Parthia, Samaria, Franconia, Ascania and Scythia. The Britannic, a fine motor ship, also violates the rule, and chartered vessels, such as the Georgic and Stratheden, keep their original names. A Cunarder, however, can always be spotted by its red stacks topped with black. The funnel of the original Cunard flagship Britannia was painted with red ochre and buttermilk and the line has kept the paint since, without the buttermilk.

Safety Is Taken For Granted

The Cunard Line can claim to have never lost a passenger life through company negligence, but the record has been dropped from publicity releases recently. Passenger safety is taken for granted today. It was not always so. When Sam Cunard was building up his safety record 100 years ago one in 900 steamship passengers lost his life at sea. The origin of the hectic sailing party in the stateroom was the anticipatory wake that family and friends threw for ocean travelers a century ago.

Cunard sailing parties today are a blasted nuisance for the crew. In one sailing from Pier 90 in June, 1947, 10,000 people milled through Elizabeth to see friends off. Cunard now limits the carouse to 4,000 visitors. Sailing parties help to inspire the visitors to take a trip themselves, but the porters and stewards often wish there were 4,000 fewer people in the way of 10,000 pieces of baggage they are trying to deliver to staterooms.

On the other side of the picture is a sailing by Parthia or Media, the 200-passenger one-class Cunarders main-

taining the New York-Liverpool schedule. I dropped in recently to see Captain James Quayle of Media as his ship was about to embark from an almost empty pier at 13th Street, Manhattan. Quayle, who looks like Knute Rockne and has been sailing ships for 48 years, enjoys his command in the little democratic Media, the more so on this occasion because it was his last voyage. He was about to retire to his garden at Southport, Lancashire.

While only a handful of picked passengers would ever meet Commodore Charles Ford in Queen Elizabeth Captain Quayle gets to know everybody aboard Media, an old-fashioned cordiality which has disappeared in the floating hotels. On Cunard's three biggest ships the captain has been divided into two, the captain and the staff captain. The latter bosses the crew, conducts the traditional 10 a.m. daily inspection, and socializes with the passengers. The captain confines himself to the navigation and the towering responsibility of safely bringing several thousand people and many millions of dollars worth of property across the Atlantic on schedule.

An Ocean Railway on Time

Competition among steamship lines—and the newer invasion of the trans-ocean airways—has produced passenger luxuries in the big liners few hotels or resorts can offer ashore. Cunarders carry cinemas, hospitals, nurseries, chapels, jails, tennis courts, Turkish baths, libraries, kennels, shopping streets, art galleries, elevators, gymnasiums, swimming pools and night clubs. Caronia has a photographic darkroom for passenger use. Franconia, of the Liverpool-Quebec run, even carries a museum—the carefully preserved private quarters used by Winston Churchill when Franconia was his headquarters ship at Yalta.

The founder, Sam Cunard, of Halifax, whose story will be told in the next part of this report, grasped from the very first the sound and lasting rules of how to run a steamship line. First he insisted on safety, which has today evolved into passenger comfort. He insisted on guaranteed scheduled service, which today means that 11 months of the year there will be a Queenship leaving New York or Europe each week. He ensured that regular schedules would be maintained by launching sister ships. He wanted to found "an ocean railway," as he put it. In modern times Sam's ocean railway is a veritable commuters' shuttle. Let us look at the busy pattern of the Cunard fleet today—August 1, 1950.

Five ships are turning round in port. Mauretania leaves New York tomorrow for Cobh, Havre and Southampton. Media at Pier 54, New York, is bound for Liverpool in three days. Her sister, Parthia, is in berth at Liverpool, due to steam west in four days. Samaria is in the Pool of London loading for Quebec to which she will depart the day after tomorrow. The next day Lismoria will leave Glasgow for Montreal. A westbound parade of six Cunarders is carrying the high tide of homing tourists. Queen Elizabeth left Southampton this morning to call at Cherbourg and steam to New York. Georgic, under charter from British Government Transport, is two days out of Cobh but will beat the fleet Queenship to New York by less than a day. Caronia is ahead of Georgic on the westbound steamer lane and will reach New York in three days. Laurentia docks at Montreal today from Glasgow. Two days behind her Franconia is steaming to Quebec City. Stratheden, chartered from the Peninsular & Oriental Line to cope with the

westbound rush, is coming up Ambrose Channel to New York. Eastbound, Britannic and Queen Mary are almost abreast on Track B of the North Atlantic lane, Britannic two days from Cobh and the speedier Queenship the same time from Cherbourg. On their port side Ascania out of Montreal has turned off Track B on a N.N.E. course toward the Irish Sea approaches and is due at Liverpool under the Cunard Building in two days.

Sam Cunard's ocean railway is rolling on timetables almost as complex as those of an iron railway. Nobody owns the roadbed, the great western ocean, but Cunard has almost turned the Atlantic into a private swimming pool.

The Black Magic Murder Case

Continued from page 15

prepared to kill his mother, Harriet, too—because he believed they had cast the dreaded legendary spell of the Bearwalk upon him. Earlier, Alec had slain his own brother Raymond in a potato patch at the side of the house when he came upon Raymond making love to Harriet.

The Bearwalk is the most fearsome of Indian hexes. According to superstition, the Bearwalk spirit is a malignant devil called out of the wilderness by an evil person, or witch. It enters the soul and body of the accursed, bringing every shape of misfortune, strange maladies and ultimate death. When a mother delivers her child stillborn, some Indians believe the Bearwalk has been placed upon her by an enemy; it is blamed for tuberculosis by some natives.

The curse is cast when a witch chews a special mixture of herbs, then spits them in the path of the accursed. It may be months before the accursed person passes that way but, as soon as he does, the evil spirit, in any of several dozen manifestations, arrives to plague him.

The origin of the Bearwalk is buried in Indian mythology. The curse is known with variations among most North American tribes. Tradition says it originated when a witch called a great black bear from the forest many centuries ago and the evil spirit in the form of the bear carried off many children from a night encampment.

The fantastic story of the murder of Alec Nahwegizik unfolded before Mr. Justice Barlow, of the Supreme Court of Ontario, when Jim Nahwegizik stood trial at Gore Bay, judicial seat of Manitoulin, in 1945. The daily newspapers overlooked the case, brushing it off as another instance of a "crazy Indian" going berserk. So there wasn't a newspaperman in the courtroom to see Jim mount the stand with stony calm and say: Certainly he had killed his father, he had been forced to kill him.

Jim testified that his father and mother had spit upon his path and used the Bearwalk incantation to place pig's hair and twigs within his head. The frightful headaches which followed were designed to kill him, he said.

Star witness for the defense was Laurence Toulouse, the blind boy witch doctor of Sheguiandah, then 17, whom Jim had consulted. The blind youth flatly told a flabbergasted courtroom he had smoked a ritual pipe supplied by Jim and that there in the curling smoke his sightless eyes had seen Alec and Harriet putting the Bearwalk on Jim. And after the Bearwalk came death.

Court records, personal interviews with witnesses and the notes of J. M.

It took sound planning, great seamanship, and industrial know-how to bring Cunard out on top in commercial battles waged down through the century of the steamship.

Today Cunard holds the Atlantic Blue Ribbon for speed and size and also a large collection of distinguished scalps taken in commercial sea rivalry. Among the hairpieces are those of two parties who don't usually lose such contests, the United States Government and the great J. P. Morgan, Sr. Both of them had more money and unquenchable determination to run the red funnel off the deep. How Cunard sank them will be told in the next issue of Maclean's. ★

Cooper, K.C., and MPP for Sudbury who defended Jim, supply the following account of the case:

Jim Nahwegizik, 33, had heavy shoulders on a short slender body, a prominent jaw and a narrow forehead. In the spring of 1945 he returned to his parents' home on the reservation after working during the winter at a lumber camp on the north shore of Lake Huron. An industrious sober man, he had accumulated a considerable stake.

He was greeted quietly but cordially by his father, a broad-jawed, powerful man who had weighed more than 200 pounds in his youth. Jim's mother was also glad to see him. She was a short squat woman with rather shrewd eyes.

Jim went upstairs to his old room, unpacked, came down and handed his father \$50. Alec thanked him quietly but his mother frowned. Later at Jim's trial Harriet said, "He spent all his money on himself."

Love Potions for a Bachelor

It was still early spring and there was no work to be had on Manitoulin, so Jim stayed around the house, breaking the monotony by going into Little Current, the island's chief port. There he stood at the dockside with other Indians, watching the boats being made ready for the summer sailing. He had worked in other years for Karl Atkinson, a white farmer near the reservation, so he went to Atkinson about a job as a farmhand when the frost came out of the ground. Jim was known as a not-too-bright but honest, hard worker. Atkinson told him to come back for spring plowing.

It was during this period that his mother began giving him love potions, Jim claimed, probably because he was 33 and unmarried. He couldn't sleep at night and every morning there was blood in his nose when he woke up. "All I could think of was beautiful girls," he said.

In late May Jim went to work for Atkinson. It was in early June that he began to get the terrible headaches. He would drop the reins of his team in Atkinson's fields and frantically grasp his head. He walked the floor at night, wild-eyed with pain. Aspirin had no effect.

The terrible suspicion that he was being Bearwalked cut into his mind like a knife. He knew some Indians whispered that his mother was different from the others of the tribe. Since childhood he had seen her smoking out the house to chase away devils, making charms to be worn around the neck. Once, when she was angry with her husband, she had carved a little boat and submerged it in a tub. Alec's canoe had foundered and he had almost drowned. That's what Jim told lawyer Cooper.

The headaches became worse and Jim's suspicion cemented to a conviction. One evening early in July, his

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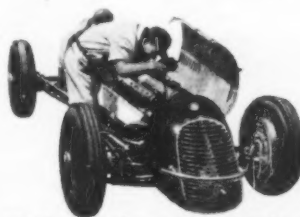
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head bursting with pain, he rushed downstairs and confronted his mother in the kitchen. His father was in Little Current.

"Mother, you are Bearwalking me, you are Bearwalking your own son!" he cried.

Harriet told him he was a dolt, to go back upstairs and lie down. But Jim would not be mollified. After a furious scene he packed his clothes and went to live with an aunt, Susan Corbiere, and a cousin, Stanley Nahwegizik. They had a shack deep in the bush on the opposite side of the dirt road.

In Susan and Stanley Jim found listeners who subscribed to his fear of supernatural evils. They agreed that all three parts of his Indian soul were in danger—his *wiyo*, or physical being; his *udjitchop*, or soul, which travels after death to the Land of Souls ruled by the great Nanibush in the western sky; his *udjibem*, or shadow, which the pagan Indian believes is earthbound after death, hovering near the grave.

In fact, Susan said, she had known for a long time that Jim's father and mother practiced witchcraft. She told him that Alec and Harriet had used the Bearwalk to kill her own father, old Joe Nahwegizik. Old Joe had himself told her so on his deathbed.

The Bearwalker Was a Dog

Jim's headaches grew even worse. The Bearwalker, legendary Indian *minado*, or demon, which came when one was asleep, became the topic of incessant conversation in the crude little shack in the bush. The evil spirit could take any form it chose to make its visitation—bear, bird, dog or any animal wild or domestic.

"Not everyone can make the demons come," Jim said at his trial. "Only those who have given themselves altogether to the devil can do it."

One night Susan saw a witch's lantern circling about the house, a fluorescent ball which moved between the trees. She called Jim and the two stared at it in terror. It returned on three successive nights.

Jim knew that Bearwalkers could be held off if you shot at them with a gun, but he didn't have one. So he approached Atkinson for the loan of a rifle. He told the farmer they were out of meat at the shack and he wanted to shoot a deer. Atkinson let him have a rifle.

Susan and Jim began to sleep in shifts, so one could be awake when the Bearwalker came. Susan traveled 20 miles to South Bay to get some herbs with which to smoke out the house every night. They were made by an old Indian woman who guaranteed them to keep witches away.

Then, early in August, the Bearwalker came again. This time Stanley saw it first. He rushed indoors and told Jim, who got the rifle. Jim saw the Bearwalker squatting right beside the shack in the form of a dog. He shot at it and it vanished into thin air.

It was at this point that the blind boy witch doctor entered the savage little drama. Susan had kept urging Jim to go to see Laurence Toulouse, who only lived a third of a mile down the dirt road. So Jim went to see the witch doctor, carrying the usual fee—a pipe, a package of tobacco, matches, \$4 and a bottle of liquor. The pipe, tobacco and matches had to belong to the person who was bewitched so that visions concerning the accused would appear when Laurence smoked the pipe.

Laurence received the trembling man calmly, told him he would rid him of the curse. He stuffed the pipe with tobacco and took a light from a match in Jim's trembling hand. The boy's

sightless eyes peered into the circling smoke. He took a drink. After a while, he spoke.

"It is your mother and father, all right, Jim," he said. "I see them now, scheming to kill you. They have put hairs and sticks in your head which will kill you in a week unless we get them out."

Laurence began to tremble. He cried out in agitation. He told Jim he saw a Bearwalker approaching the house then and there. He ordered Jim to go upstairs and sit at a front window, prepared to shoot. Jim obeyed.

A weird mixture of incantations and pleadings for Jim to be alert came up the stairs to the terrified Indian. The Bearwalker was getting closer and closer, Laurence cried. Finally, after fully half an hour of terrifying suspense, he ordered Jim to shoot. Jim fired into the blackness of the night. He fell back, too exhausted to walk home. He stayed at the witch doctor's place all that night.

At his trial Jim said he had not seen anything from the window and had not known what he was shooting at. Laurence said the demon was in the form of a hoot-owl.

Laurence prescribed a brew of herbs for Jim to use to draw out the hairs and twigs. The hairs were bristles from the body of a pig and were themselves alive, the witch doctor warned. Every night thereafter Susan used a piece of broken glass to cut a bloody cross on Jim's forehead. She applied the herbs to the open wound in a cheesecloth bandage.

Both Jim and Susan testified that pig's hairs and little bits of wood were drawn from his head by the medicine. Susan said she picked them from the bandage and placed them in a small jar, which became filled.

"If you dropped the pig hairs on the ground they would disappear to nothing," Susan said. "They were alive. We put them in the jar and sealed them there. If we hadn't done that they would have gone back into Jim's head."

But the witch doctor's medicine was not powerful enough. Laurence treated Jim again several times but the headaches persisted. Both men knew that legend prescribed only one sure way of banishing the Bearwalk. That was to kill Alec or Harriet.

Soon after midnight on August 26, Jim, Stanley and Susan came home from Little Current, where they had gone to get supplies for the week. Susan was tired, went to bed. Jim and Stanley sat up, talked in the yellow light of the lamp. Continually, Jim grabbed his head in pain. He said the agony was killing him. Finally he jumped to his feet, shouted, "I am going to fix those old people!"

He took down the rifle, stalked through the moonlit bushland to the road. He crossed to his father's house, entered the yard and began to shout. It was 3 a.m. Alec got out of bed, came downstairs carrying a lamp.

"Why have you been Bearwalking me?" Jim screamed.

Then, Jim said in court, Alec moved toward him, bent half forward in a charge. Jim raised the rifle and fired. The bullet passed through his father's neck. Alec staggered indoors, died on the floor beside the kitchen table.

Then Jim shouted for his mother to come down and that he would kill her, too. Harriet ran out the back door into the bush.

"I was going to kill her, but then I thought I would not," Jim said.

He went back to the shack and laid down in the first sound sleep he had had since spring. He was sleeping peacefully, gun beside him, when the RCMP arrived in the morning.

"My father was Bearwalking me, so I killed him," he explained to Corporal

Fred Truscott. He was perfectly calm. The racking pain was gone from his head and he eyed the astonished Mountie levelly.

At the trial in October, lawyer Cooper entered a plea of insanity. The courthouse was packed with Indians from all sections of the north. Some had traveled hundreds of miles.

Jim sat there stolidly as witness after witness added to the fantastic evidence. He slept soundly each night in his cell in Gore Bay's old stone jail and was in complete control of himself. He appeared anything but insane.

An Appeal to the King

He claimed he was a thorough Christian. The only difference between him and the white man was that, for him, the devil was the incarnation of the old pagan beliefs. Each night in his cell he thumbed a Bible, citing text after text which, he said, justified his action.

Psychiatrists battled about whether Jim was insane. The defense claimed a man had to be insane to hold such beliefs as Jim did. But Dr. H. Tennant, chief psychiatrist of the Attorney-General's Department of Ontario, had sat and observed Jim through the four-day trial, had seen him several times in the cells. He declared emphatically that Jim was quite sane, that he had acted upon a fixed belief since childhood.

A jury of grim-visaged Manitoulin farmers agreed with Tennant. After three hours' deliberation they found Jim Nahwegizik sane and guilty of murder.

Justice Barlow sentenced Jim to hang on Jan. 9, 1946.

Cooper immediately appealed to the King on Jim's behalf and the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, just 12 days before Jim was to be hanged.

Some court observers felt that the slaying of Alec was primitive retribution for his murder of his brother, Raymond, 30 years earlier. In that first tragedy in the Manitoulin log house Alec had come home unexpectedly to find Raymond in a potato patch beside the house with Harriet. He crept indoors, got his rifle, and shot Raymond dead in Harriet's arms. Alec was regarded as the outraged husband, and sentenced to two years in prison.

Harriet never went back to the log house after Alec's death. She went to the Whitefish Reservation on the mainland, but was asked to leave by an alarmed delegation of natives there. At present she is living among the white population in a Manitoulin village.

What is the state of superstition on Manitoulin Island today? If anything it was given impetus by the Bearwalk murder. While there is probably some psychiatric explanation for the disappearance of Jim Nahwegizik's headaches, the Indians believe they were banished by Jim's murderous directness in breaking the curse.

Just last December, after a drinking party, an Indian was bludgeoned to death behind a house at West Bay, 20 miles west of Little Current. The following day another Indian was killed by a truck within a hundred yards of the scene of the bludgeoning. That night several hundred Indians took part in a torchlight parade that lasted till daylight. They were smoking away the evil spirit which was haunting the spot.

But Laurence Toulouse is not gutrized very much any more. The outcome of his magic was too drastic. A new witch doctor at Saagmuck, on the mainland beside the Spanish River, is, however getting a steady stream of business. ★

A Honey

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A Honeymoon at the Falls

Continued from page 11

revealing items, according to the experts, are new haircuts and new shoes. Next best indication is handholding. Many observers base their opinions on this factor alone.

There are other tell-tale signs: A bellboy told us honeymoon couples are the only form of hotel guest to suffer embarrassment while registering. "I often think I'm going to have to carry both of them into the elevator they're shaking so much," he reflected. A cab driver claims honeymooners always come out of their hotel and go half way across the street before they realize they've missed the sidewalk. The desk clerks depend on new clothes and new luggage, newness to surroundings, plus the fact that 90% of the grooms forget to register their brides. A waitress bases her decisions on the way the bride sneaks a peek at her ring with every bite of grapefruit.

A clerk in a souvenir stand near the Falls threw out the entire form chart. "Newlyweds never bring an umbrella or raincoat and never notice whether it's raining or not. When it's pouring they're out looking at the Falls."

Since the war the honeymoon trade at Niagara Falls, Ont., has been booming. Last year an estimated 10,000 honeymoon couples, mainly Americans, spent about half a million dollars there.

In spite of its fame as a honeymoon city Niagara Falls attracts few honeymooners in proportion to its tourist intake. Last year 8 million visitors spent \$20 millions in the quiet city of Greater Niagara, which takes in the township of Stamford and the village of Chippawa and has a population of 36,100.

It has been computed that the average honeymoon couple stays three days at the Falls and spends \$50. Outside of the occasional purchase of a meal or a souvenir tea cup they spend their time staring at one another while looking at the Falls, staring at one another while strolling through the gardens and staring at one another while crossing the street. These are hazardous but not particularly revenue-producing occupations.

6,000 Beds This Summer

The indifference that residents of the Honeymoon City of the World feel toward honeymooners is only lightened when the lovebirds perpetrate some piece of mismanagement, such as forgetting to tip the bellboy. This happens fairly frequently because many youthful honeymooners have never been in a hotel before.

It's not unusual for couples to have their bags carried in and out of

the hotel, their room cleaned and their meals served without ever paying a dime over their hotel bill and meal check. When this happens the staff is under strict instructions not to strong-arm the subject.

Greater Niagara Falls this summer has about 6,000 beds for tourists and honeymooners, we learned when we dropped in to the City Hall. A surprisingly large number of couples stay in tourist homes and motels. This is partly due to the optimistic nature of honeymooners, many of whom never give a thought to hotel reservation.

The city's tourist accommodation is for the most part highly economical, though the City Council was rocked recently to find one pair of newlyweds had paid \$15 for a night in a tourist home. The normal price is \$3. "My advice to newlyweds is to get in touch with our chamber of commerce," Niagara's affable mayor, W. L. Houck, told us.

We took his advice and drove down a tree-shaded street to the office of the Greater Niagara Chamber of Commerce. Bill Bennett, the bright and bouncing manager, welcomed us with a gold-bordered certificate attesting that we had spent our honeymoon in Niagara Falls, Ont. Bennett called our attention to the fact that it was suitable for framing.

The first of these honeymoon certificates was issued on June 19, 1949. Within weeks Bennett found himself arranging a ceremony for the presentation of the 1,000th certificate, plus \$3,000 in gifts donated by local merchants.

Meanwhile Niagara Falls, N.Y., which originally launched the certificate idea, vigorously revived its creation, but at last count the Canadian side was 1,889 certificates ahead.

Fifty Men Mow the Lawns

Bennett had some theories on why Niagara Falls has become the Honeymoon City of the World. A little regretfully he admits that the weight of American publicity—songs, movies and ad campaigns about honeymoons at Niagara—has influenced the public just as surely as it got them humming the "Third Man Theme" and making noises like a zither. How the idea originated, however, is another matter and neither Bennett nor the public library can supply that answer.

The library, which is next door to the Chamber of Commerce (this was fortunate because the new shoes were beginning to pinch—item: A lot of newlyweds limp), pointed out that the Falls, through their own natural beauty, attracted tourists, many of whom happened to be honeymooners, and that the city was prevented from becoming a honky-tonk of juke boxes, neon lights and hot dog stands when Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada 1872-1878, took a strong stand against commercialization at Niagara. The Niagara Falls Park Act of 1885 prevents "commercialism, destruction of natural beauty and exploitation in general" of any part of the 35-mile parkway lining the Niagara River on the Canadian side from a point three miles above the Falls to Queenston Heights.

Niagara Falls, Ont., owes much of its modern success to this far-sighted piece of legislation. The American side of the Niagara River is bordered with smoking grey-black factories. The Niagara Parks Commission keeps a staff of 500 working on the 2,500-acre park during the summer. Fifty men do nothing else but mow lawns.

This sort of thing, this natural beauty, this haven from lights and noise and potato chips is, according to

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"He said his feet were cold."



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Bennett, the kind of thing most honeymooners look for. "They want the kind of atmosphere that goes with calf eyes," he pronounced emphatically.

The tourist trade is traced historically to 1819 when an innkeeper, unnamed but of the same breed as Bennett, installed a spiral staircase which permitted a view of the Falls. Today that's what honeymooners get more of than any other commodity—the view. Of the 300 rooms in the General Brock Hotel, largest and most expensive in the city, 200 face the Falls.

The proprietor of the Honeymoon Cottages, 29 one and two-roomed cabins on a hill about 500 yards from the river, pointed out a little proudly that there was no hill in all Niagara with so elegant a view of the Falls. Standing on tiptoe, peering past a tree and looking over a stream of traffic, we were able to confirm her statement; those were the Falls over there, all right.

Hospitality is preached in Niagara and helps swell tourist trade. A year ago Niagara Falls businessmen from 30 firms attended a courtesy school to learn tact, diplomacy, patience and kindness. Even the police department was briefed.

Churchill Just "Stopped Over"

Today visiting traffic offenders don't get tickets. Instead, a yellow card with a blue ribbon under the windshield wiper proclaims in block letters: "Welcome to Niagara Falls." In smaller type there is this message: "Your license plate tells us that you are a visitor in our city. We hope your stay at Niagara Falls will be completely pleasant and will long be retained by you in affectionate memory. We shall look forward to greeting you and your friends in Niagara Falls many times in the future." Then the ticket gets to the meat of the subject. "The officer on duty notes that your car is violating the traffic regulation he has checked on the following list," it continues kindly. "Don't worry about it this time. It is called to your attention in the interest of safety and orderly traffic conditions in our city." There follows a list of 10 violations opposite squares for the cop's check. The reverse side of this document is a 300-word blurb on the scenic points of interest, a commercial the stunned motorist often reads in full.

The main complaint of people in Niagara Falls is that the town is becoming a two-hour stopover. Many famous visitors, notably Winston Churchill and an assortment of movie stars, inspect the Falls tensely for 15 minutes, then hustle away. The two Maids of the Mist could go closer to the Falls but the owners have discovered that people won't commit themselves to more than a half-hour in a slicker.

This is not the problem of the General Brock, one of the two hotels in the world with a view of Niagara Falls—the other is Fox Head Inn, a block away and much smaller. In the summer between 150 and 200 guests a day are turned away.

Honeymooners who do make their reservations in time (six weeks ahead is a safe margin for June) are urged to leave in three or four days. This is about par for a honeymoon anyway.

The Brock makes an effort to give honeymooners the slightly more expensive rooms which view the Falls, where they can always hear the roar of the water in the background sounding like a freight train going by a block away with no caboose.

The young office manager of the General Brock, Bruce Johnson, showed us through the hotel's two new floors,

built on top of the Rainbow Room. They contain picture-view rooms with an entire wall of glass facing the Falls, two-room suites with bed and sitting room walled with glass on the Falls side, and three-room suites with a balcony. All of this magnificence is for visitors like the Prime Ministers of Pakistan and India, wealthy Americans, and the occasional U.N. delegate. No honeymoon couple has ever murmured sweet nothings here. The reason: no double beds.

Johnson has had honeymooners ask him for twin beds, but they are rare. "The queerest one I've had, though, happened one Saturday night last summer. That's honeymoon night; we get between 30 and 50 couples every Saturday night in June.

"Well, this middle-aged woman came to the desk and asked for her reservation for a double room and a single room. We had it, but then she asked if the rooms were adjoining. I said they weren't, but they were on the same floor. She got indignant and said that wouldn't do, we'd have to put a bed for her in the double room. It turned out the other two were newlyweds and she was the bride's mother. They stayed three days, but the groom looked like death."

As most married couples discover, a honeymoon is something less than the exalted stuff of bath soap advertisements. The General Brock has seen its share of tragedies, weeping brides, and grooms who sat alone in the beverage room and stared blankly at their beer. And there have been two near suicides, one a bride, one a groom.

The hotel doctor, J. H. Davidson, a humorous man with a flair for diplomacy, once was called in when a bride and groom were having such a violent argument that the management feared they would injure one another. The pair was so shaken by the quarrel that they wanted to be married again and start over, so the doctor had a Falls priest go through the essentials of the ceremony again. The only difficulty was in finding the wedding ring, which the bride had hurled in the groom's face at the height of the battle. The doctor found it under the dresser.

Some of the times he has been called in to attend newlyweds have been too intimate and tragic to repeat, the doctor recalled, but one of the funnier ones happened when he diagnosed an acute appendicitis and ordered the groom to hospital at once. Both bride and groom protested, begging a few days' delay.

They had been married only two hours. "He hadn't planned on spending his honeymoon in a hospital bed, but that's right where we had to put him."

Jack Peckham, who books the sight-seeing tours (honeymooners pass up the thrifty bus trip and pay \$3 for a two-and-a-half-hour ride snuggled in the back of a taxi), told us that the most unhappy bride he ever saw was the girl

who had taken seriously the adage about "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue." "She had something that was both old and blue," he recalls with a grin. "She entered the lobby with a blue garter around her ankle."

There's a saying in the trade, according to the Brock's impeccable general manager, Wilfred Stead, that honeymooners are always wealthy. The groom grandly requests "the best in the house"—that is, the grooms with courage enough to face the desk clerks. Stead says lots of brides register for both while the groom, in an agony of self-consciousness, pretends to read the scroll in the lobby describing the visit of the King and Queen.

Gordon Snider, manager of Fox Head Inn, once saw a hefty bride knock her husband away from the desk with a blow from her hip that sent him 10 feet across the lobby. Then, with a sweet smile for the desk clerk, she signed the register.

Many honeymooners eat in the Brock's Rainbow Room, where dinners are \$2.50 a plate and most have breakfast in their rooms. A few have all their meals in their room, at an estimated \$15 to \$20 a day. Mrs. Dorothy Baker, the Brock's housekeeper, told us the major problem with newlyweds was not getting the confetti off the rugs—which was tough enough—but finding the rooms empty long enough to clean them. One desk clerk swore solemnly that a couple who had registered in the hotel three days before asked him the way to the Falls.

Honeymooners who venture out of doors can see the Falls from the Maid of the Mist, a tradition that has survived since 1885. The captains of the two Maids assure fearful voyagers that it is possible to grasp a life jacket and step into the water any time the trip becomes boring and the current will carry the passenger back to the Canadian dock.

After a ride on the Maid of the Mist honeymooners can see the Falls from the caves underneath or can ride on the basket over the Whirlpool. The whole tour will cost them less than \$5, less than they would spend in an hour on a midway.

At night they can cross over on the Rainbow or Whirlpool bridges to Niagara Falls, N.Y., where many bars accept Canadian money and customs men on the Saturday night shift are kindly. No cocktail bars on the Canadian side.

So that's life in the Honeymoon City of the World. Maybe most of it was there when we had our first honeymoon, but going back again after six years we seemed to have more time to look around.

And we reached two conclusions: (a) newlyweds are the most introverted and uncomfortable species of human we've ever seen; (b) we're glad our honeymoon, like our adolescence, is over. ★

NEXT ISSUE

A top Canadian meteorologist tells
Robert Thomas Allen that

Everybody Hates the Weatherman

Who takes the rap when rain ruins a picnic or muddies up a race track? W. E. Turnbull knows only too well. Now after years of predicting the weather he tells his misfortunes to a Maclean's writer. They make lively and informative reading.

AUGUST 15 ISSUE

ON SALE AUGUST 11

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 2

to a certain unincorporated company? Was it true that the owner and proprietor of this repair firm was also the commanding officer in the district?

It turned out, on enquiry, that the answer to both questions was "yes."

Over at National Defense no one anywhere near the top had ever heard of the company, the contracts, or the commander. They first learned of the whole affair just a day or two before Stan Knowles' questions appeared on the order paper. And, although they turn a trifle pink when questioned about it, they admit he did them a favor.

"There's nothing improper about the whole thing," said one Defense spokesman. "We don't forbid reserve officers to do business with the Government. But it won't happen again."

Indians of Canada and M.P.'s who speak for them faced a bitter choice when Hon. Walter Harris brought in his Indian Bill at the tail end of the session. They had either to forgo the benefits of the new statute or else accept it blindfold. They chose the former and they'll get a better act in the end, but there's no good reason why they shouldn't have had it by now.

The bill could have been before Parliament before Easter. As it was the timing raised such an indignant howl that the bill itself, good points and bad, was hardly noticed.

Walter Harris is one of the Grits' ablest young men. It wasn't really his fault that his first major job as a cabinet minister was such a botch. It wasn't the fault of any one man in the Indian Affairs Branch, either. It was just another bureaucratic ball-up—and the Indian Affairs Branch is famous for them.

Work on a new Indian Affairs Act started with the parliamentary committee of 1946. The committee sat three years running, filed 3,000 pages of Hansard and made several scathing reports. It wound up in 1948. Two years later, when Harris took over Indian Affairs in his new Department of Citizenship and Immigration, only the 11 sections of the Act dealing with education were complete. The rest was still in the memorandum stage.

The new Indian Bill was in the hands of the Law Officers of the Crown (the Justice Department) for drafting. Several weeks went by before Harris learned that the law officers of the Crown weren't doing anything with it.

It turned out that officials themselves weren't agreed. There were deadlocks within Indian Affairs, where some still adopt a "let-'em-eat-cake" attitude and others (including some of the oldest in service) are pro-Indian in the extreme. There were deadlocks between Indian Affairs and other departments, notably Treasury and Justice. It took weeks to iron out these differences and some are still badly creased.

The upshot was ignominious. This bill, which Harris had hoped to introduce about April 1, came in the middle of the closing rush. One evening the docile Liberal majority crushed a unanimous Opposition plea for delay. Next morning Harris withdrew the bill.

* * *

Here are some of the benefits Indians must forgo for another year:

Indians who rent property will then be able to collect rent on the spot. Now the tenant must pay the local Indian agent, who sends the cheque to his own headquarters in Ottawa, who send it over to Treasury, who deposit it in the Consolidated Revenue Fund.

Then Indian Affairs sends a requisition to Treasury for the same amount. Treasury sends a cheque to Indian Affairs in Ottawa, they send it out to the Indian agent, who pays it to the Indian landlord. This bureaucratic nightmare used to take months and still takes weeks, yet Treasury was implacably set on keeping it unchanged. The new section which cuts this snarl of red tape is a major triumph of common sense over custom.

At present Indians can't spend their own band revenues without the consent of Indian Affairs—a needed precaution with primitive bands but a block to the maturity of the advanced. Under the new act the Cabinet may give any

band full control of its own lands and revenue.

A similar change is introduced in the so-called "permit system." Prairie Indians now may not sell their own farm produce without a permit from the Indian agent. Indians admit that many individuals need such protection but to the capable man it's a humiliating nuisance. It denies him the right to make his own mistakes and learn by experience. In future, Indians can earn the right to become adults.

* * *

On the other hand, there are some of the things Indians and their spokesmen view with alarm:

CANADIANECDOTE



Mad Capreol's Manhunt

ON JULY 31, 1843, Toronto citizens were horrified to hear of the violent and bloody murder of a well-to-do farmer, Thomas Kinnear, and his housekeeper, in their lonely farmhouse north of Toronto at Richmond Hill. The two killers were reported to have fled to Lake Ontario, bound for refuge in the United States.

Kinnear's best friend, a 40-year-old, stoutish, ruddy-faced little auctioneer by the name of Frederick Chase Capreol, was one of the last to hear the news. He at once rushed to the police station and demanded action.

The police put him off with the promise to get on the murderers' trail first thing the next morning. "But by then," Capreol shouted, "the murderers will be in hiding in the States."

Capreol tried to stir up every authority in Toronto, ending by routing the mayor, Hon. Henry Sherwood, out of bed. But the mayor was as indifferent as the police had been and Capreol resolved to catch the murderers himself.

This man, who at 25 was an important official in the Northwest Fur Company, who carried through the scheme to build a railway from Toronto to Lake Huron (and thereby earned himself the nickname of "Mad Capreol"), set about his manhunt with customary vigor.

He ran to the wharf to commandeer a ship to pursue the murderers who, he learned, had slipped aboard a boat for Lewis-town, N.Y. Captain Richardson, of the steamship Transit, refused to sail till Capreol paid \$100 in cash. Capreol handed over all the money he had and went off in search of the extra \$87.

Within the next hour he alienated two of his friends by trying to drag them into the pursuit with him; decided to approach his friend Ogilvie who lived above a store on King Street; found his way to the back door blocked by a 15-foot brick wall; mounted it after five attempts, and then, with bleeding fingers and torn clothes, inched his way 20 feet up a drainpipe to Ogilvie's bedroom window, pried open the window and awoke the sleeping man. Ogilvie leaped up ready to throttle Capreol and throw him out of the window as a suspected burglar. He recognized him in time, loaned him the money.

After that it was plain sailing and the two murderers, servants of the dead man, were found drunkenly asleep in a rooming house on the American shore of Lake Ontario.

Capreol never received back one cent of the expenses he incurred in that midnight chase across the lake.—Ronald Hambleton.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

The new act will define who is and who isn't an Indian. Rigidly applied these sections could purge from the reserves many people who have always lived as Indians and know no other life or language. Walter Harris said "sympathetic consideration" would be given to anyone now living on a reserve, but the new section 12 sets down a cold inflexible list of persons "not entitled to be registered" and leaves him no discretion.

In other respects his powers are very wide indeed—despotic, the Indians think. He can, if he likes, spend band funds for certain purposes without the consent of the band. He can compel enfranchisement (i.e., abandonment of Indian status and rights) against the will of the enfranchised. Any band may apply for enfranchisement by majority vote, which means that 49% might be dragged into full citizenship against their will. A band might even be enfranchised without the consent of a single member—the minister may name a three-man commission, only one of whom would be an Indian of the affected band, to report on the desirability of enfranchising an Indian or a band, "whether or not the Indian or band has applied for enfranchisement." Such a report (which could be a majority finding by the two white men) "shall be deemed to be an application for enfranchisement" and the minister may grant it.

Two months in jail and \$200 fine may still be imposed on anyone who, without the consent of the minister, collects money from Indians "to advance any claim that the Indian or the band has." Some Indians see this as a ban on any kind of free organization or even on the engagement of legal counsel. Actually, they needn't worry—that section has been in the act for years and no one has ever been convicted under it. But it still has a nasty look.

Some of these sections will probably stand no matter how hotly the Indians protest. Others, however, will almost certainly be dropped. Second thoughts were percolating in the Indian Affairs Branch even before the bill was withdrawn.

* * *

In the debate on amendment of the Election Act, to give Indians a qualified right to vote, Walter Harris was ready for an argument that didn't come. He was all set with a historical brief to show that Indians of Canada had enjoyed the right to vote once before—they got it in 1885 from Sir John A. Macdonald.

Before that the federal voting lists had been merely a copy of provincial lists, and the provinces didn't give Indians the franchise. When John A. brought in a bill to set up federal voting lists, he didn't exclude the Indians.

This was 1885, the year of the Northwest Rebellion. The change was not allowed to go unchallenged; they had a hot debate about it with the Liberals who were against the Indians' voting right. But John A. put it through, and Indians did vote (subject to the same property qualifications as then applied to all voters) until 1898 when, under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the federal Government went back to the old system of using provincial lists. When Ottawa set up its own list again, in the early 1920's, the Indians were left out.

Harris even had statistics ready to show that Indian voters do not, as some pessimists forecast, vote as a bloc for any one party. At the Brantford Reserve of the Six Nations in 1896, some 400 Indians cast their ballots and they were divided almost equally between Grits and Tories. ★

Lee, Va., to enlist and arrived on Armistice Day. Fisher went back to Wilkes-Barre and got a job as a newspaper cartoonist and columnist ("Cousin Ham's Corner"). He augmented his small income by drawing caricatures of local worthies at beer fights and beefsteaks.

When Fisher hit the big money with Palooka he blossomed out as one of the grandest party-throwers, bon vivants, and landed gentlemen of the 30s. His heart went pitapat when it brushed against society figures such as Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh. He had a French town car and wore a top hat every night. He maintained a duplex on Park Avenue, a house in Connecticut and an estate in Florida, with swimming pools, horses and a dozen servants. The Hitler war, plus his disillusion with the 400, ended Fisher's Louis XIV phase. Today he has stripped his impedimenta to one apartment, one servant and part of a citrus and cattle ranch in Florida. He drives his own Cadillac convertible. His widowed mother lives in an adjoining apartment with his 12-year-old daughter by an unsuccessful marriage.

Eustace Was a Stinker

Oscar Hammerstein II, one of his friends, claims Fisher knows every musical comedy lyric there is and will take bets the cartoonist can't be stumped. At a recent party Fisher and actor Leon Janney started out at 10 p.m. and sang "Iolanthe" and "Pinafore" straight through from memory. At dawn they were getting up wind to render "The Yeomen of the Guard." Fisher went onstage and sang with D'Oyly Carte's chorus when the famous Gilbert and Sullivan company visited New York last year.

Since Fisher's strip is notable for its absence of race prejudice and for its cosmopolitan settings he was startled last year when several Canadian visitors objected to a championship fight sequence between Palooka and the British heavyweight champion, Eustace Pinkney-Grimes. The editors thought Eustace was shown as a bit of a stinker and that the cartoonist was showing anti-English prejudice. Fisher, who is sensitive to client opinion, sent them copies of unsolicited messages from English sports writers. A typical cable went: PINKNEY GRIMES UNREPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH SPORTSMANSHIP SHOULD LOSE FIGHT.

This summer's return match: in London between the two English-speaking cartoon champions was attended by Bing Crosby, Winston Churchill and the King. The presence of His Majesty in the comic cuts aroused choked outcries in true-blue circles from Victoria Embankment to Victoria, B.C. However, the mass of English and Canadian readers were delighted that the King could make the big fight.

At the same time Humphrey Pennyworth was swimming the Channel. The fat rube thrashed away like the Loch Ness monster and millions clutched their papers to follow the epic swim, which in strict point of fact occurred almost three months before in a bottle of India ink in a New York office. Then—sensation!—Humphrey disappeared in a fog bank and the escorting ships found nothing floating but his checkered cap. Volunteer ships came out of the Channel ports to search for the fat boy and turned back clueless. As this article appears Humphrey was given up for dead.

It's just possible, though, that Ham Fisher has inside information of a startling nature on what really happened to Humphrey Pennyworth. ★

MAILBAG

Let the Sun Shine On Swift Current

I PUT my heart into that story about Swift Current ("Who Would Want to Live on the Prairies?" June 15). And what happens? The editors of Maclean's delete mention of the Sun, one of Canada's foremost weekly newspapers, winner several times of the weekly newspaper award. Swift Current just isn't Swift Current without the Sun. Nor without Jim Greenblat, who's been associated with it ever since World War I. I hope something occurs to restore the Sun to its rightful place in Swift Current.—Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, Toronto.

Herewith a low obeisance to the Sun and a portrait of editor Greenblat, who can now dry the tears he shed after he read Mrs. Campbell's article. In his paper he wrote, "After 47 years, one month, three days and 14 minutes in business in Swift Current, the Swift Current Sun finally had its ego deflated. On the masthead of this estimable family journal . . . there is the inscription, 'In Swift Current everything revolves



around the Sun.' Actually the sun revolves around Swift Current 365 days a year but The Sun revolves mainly in a sea of misplaced and mistaken importance." When Maclean's arrived Greenblat had read of the article with trembling lip and sweating brow, but—"You guessed it! There wasn't even a single word about the Swift Current Sun. Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, how could you?"

Thanks from Pastor Currey

Through the pages of your valued publication I would like to say "thank you" to those people who wrote such kindly and convincing letters after reading the article of Country Minister, in your issue of June 1.—Eldridge Currey, Goshawk, Ont.

Creator of the Wambezle

I was quite surprised to read "Mermaids Made to Measure" (June 1), particularly the part regarding the wambezle. This animal was made by me 35 years ago in Fredericton, N.B., and was named by the late Irving S. Cobb. It has been my trade mark for 30 years. I gave one to the late Lou

Marsh who had it on display in the Toronto Star, and I also made for him a small mermaid such as you describe.—Thomas Emack, taxidermist, Toronto.

Mr. Emack is correct. The creature supplied to Lou Marsh by Archie Johnston, the subject of the article, was not a wambezle but a shebee fish.

Best Political Article

I do not think I can let the issue of June 15 pass without a word of thanks for Bruce Hutchison's article, "They're Killing Our Democracy." Should it not have read "We"? I had the privilege of attending the Liberal convention at Ottawa as an official delegate . . . I entirely agree with the writer that "Deception, Detachment and Decline," and general apathy of the voter, fairly describe the present conditions, and I think this is the best political article I have read for a very long time.—C. Sargent, Eyre, Sask.

● Bruce Hutchison says that Drew wooed the pro-British and the anti-British. Never once did Mr. Drew utter an anti-British sentiment in order to attract the voters of Quebec. It would be much more correct to say that Mr. St. Laurent wooed the Socialists and the anti-Socialists.—Mrs. G. W. Sansom, Fredericton, N.B.

Co., Not Corp.

On page 63, June 15 issue, there is a reference to "the Steel Corporation of Canada." We presume that the company to which reference is made is the Steel Company of Canada, Limited. We are a Canadian company, 90% of our stock being owned in Canada. We do not like the use, however inadvertent, of a name which might lead the unwitting to suppose we had corporate affiliation with other steel companies elsewhere.—Stuart Armour, economic adviser to the president, Hamilton, Ont.

Memo to Parents

If copies of "Why Don't Adults Grow Up?" (June 1) were mailed to every Canadian parent perhaps they would awake to the fact that many of their teen-age sons and daughters are smarter than they are.—Ethel I. Sullivan, Renfrew, Ont.

● It pains me to think of the number of deserving writers who are receiving rejection slips from your publication while you fill your columns with such miserable tripe as "Why Don't Adults Grow Up?"—J. Morley Brown, Toronto

Echo of a Massacre

Re "Vigilante Massacre" (June 1): I wonder if writer Bigelow missed one small item concerning the acquittal of Carroll (alleged leader of the murder gang)? In 1897 I met a morose man with long whiskers in the little prospecting town of Illecillewaet, B.C.,

a ghost town now. The postmaster told me that this man was Carroll of Biddulph and that Carroll had to report to the judicial authorities at stated intervals. So he was still paying a price for the past.—H. L. Lovering, Regina.

Deport Them to Ottawa?

Re Backstage June 1, "Nudists in Politics." Who brought the Sons of Freedom here in the first place? Why don't they (the Liberal Party that brought them out here) house them in Ottawa instead of foisting them on the people of Comox and Courtenay? . . . British Columbia got a raw deal, as our government has no say as to



who or who can not settle in British Columbia once the federal government lets them into Canada.—J. R. Pake, Port Alberni, B.C.

● As of June 1, over 250 Sons of Freedom had been sentenced to three years in jail for nude parading (not for arson, by the way).

Following are some questions I've been asking myself about the current upheaval in British Columbia:

(1) Why do all nude paraders receive the maximum sentence of three years? Is there no leniency for first offenders, old women, or parents of small children?

(2) How can 69 culprits receive fair treatment at a single trial lasting a couple of hours? Here in Sarnia they spend that much time over somebody suspected of driving through a red light.

(3) Why do B.C. authorities persist in using brutal methods that obviously aggravate the situation?

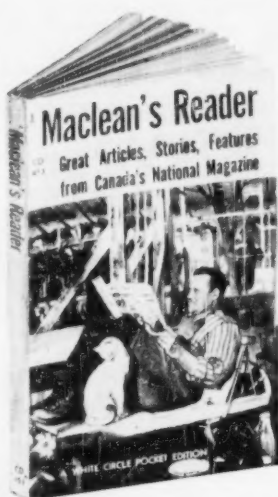
(4) Why do Doukhobors get three years in jail for stripping while night club dancers get \$500 a week for doing the same thing?

What really gets me is the utter indifference of the Press, the clergy, the women's institutes, the Minister of Justice, the Bar Association, and the public in general. Frankly, it makes me wonder why I bothered risking my neck in an RCAF plane to help save their selfish hides.

As for your June 1 editorial about Doukhobors burning neighbors' houses, I think you will find that in the great majority of cases it is their own houses they have burned. Most of their burnings and strippings have harmed no outsiders, and have represented a tragic and befuddled protest against the blundering stupidity and obvious lack of sympathy of the law in B. C.—E. L. McKegney, Sarnia, Ont.

Cover Fans

I took the trouble to write you a critical letter regarding your article on Kurt Meyer. I would now like to make mention of the very pleasing cover on the issue of June 15. It is a real study of clerks, children, parents and hobbies.—Henry Hosking, M.P., Ottawa.



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DURING the three-day run from Dawson Creek, B.C., to Whitehorse in the Yukon the driver of one of the regularly scheduled buses struck up a chatting acquaintance with a friendly plaid-shirted American couple in a Packard. The motoring pair seemed quite content to jog along the Alaska route with the bus, stopping for a coffee-break or a meal wherever it did, and, by way of amusement for the proprietors of the wayside restaurants, the busman took to dusting

dime and 15 coppers. The crowded bus waited for the driver to blow his top.

Instead, with icy calm he handed her the tickets, opened the window, scooped up the pennies and flung them into the street.

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off the old legend about gold nuggets practically paving the streets of Whitehorse.

It was all good sport along the way but he felt very sheepish about the gag when the still-eager wife of the Packard's owner rushed up to him in Whitehorse to demand where and how she should find herself a nugget now that she was here. Desperately casting about for an escape the bus driver spotted an old sourdough coming up the street and urged her to take her question to an expert. Then edging toward a side street he watched in awe as the sourdough met the visitor's question with a courteously doffed hat and the reply, "Nuggets are rather hard to come by, these days, ma'm—but here—take this with my compliments."

Naturally she rushed right back to show the driver and the fellow says it was worth \$35 if it was worth a nickel.

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Finally a parcel-laden woman got aboard, asked for tickets and then fumbled interminably in her purse for change. At last she counted out a



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"No," said Paula simply. "I closed the window, put the catch on and went to bed."

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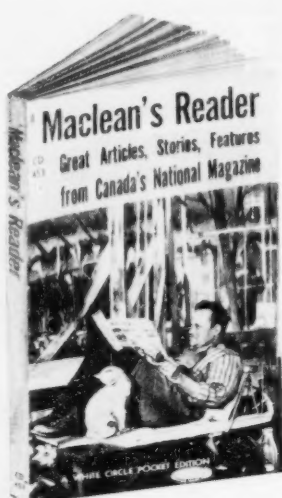
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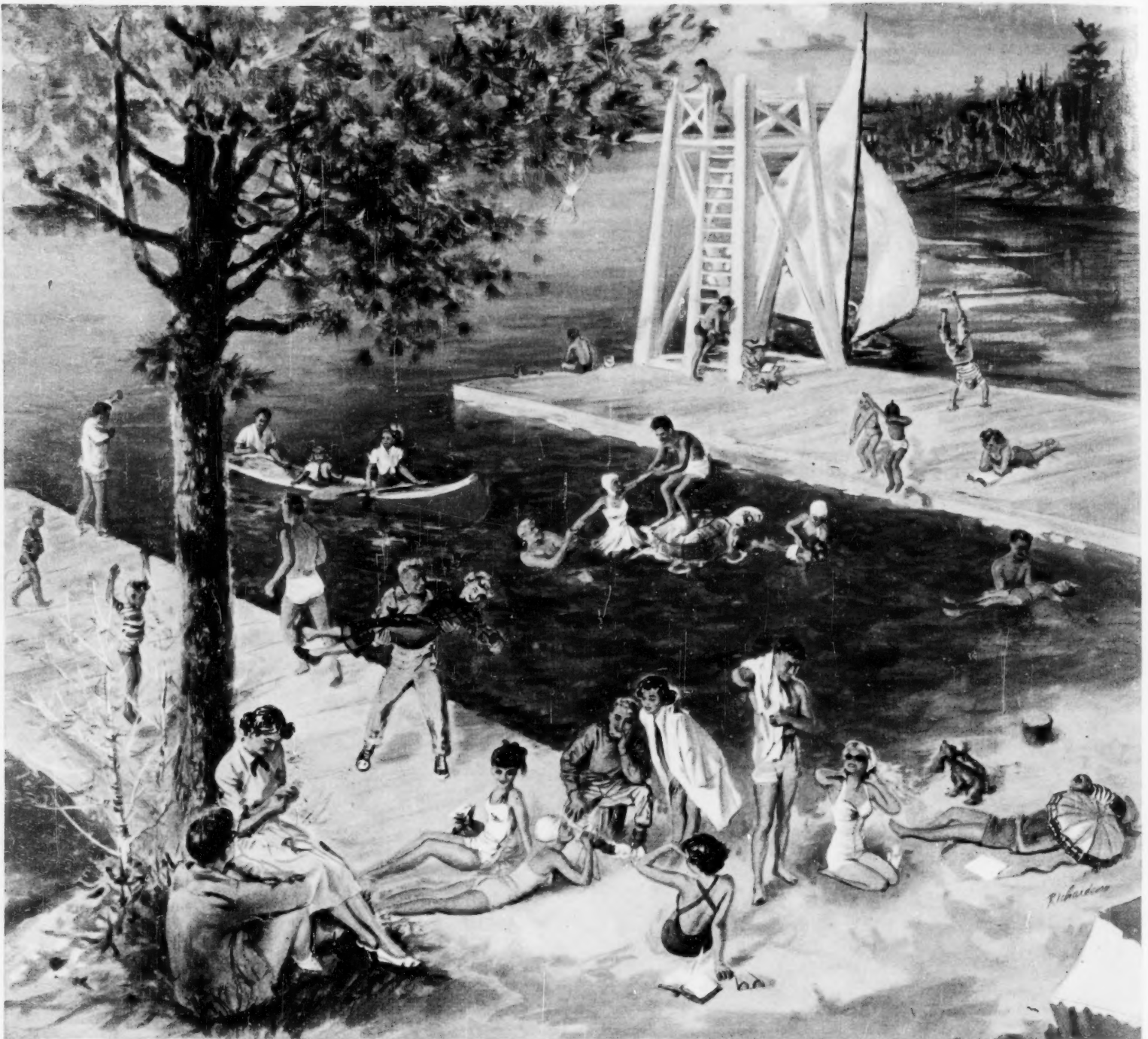
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